

No. 19

64  
PAGES  
OF  
THRILLS!

SEPTEMBER, 1938

# Detective COMICS

10¢





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## DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN  
*Editor*

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# SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR  
AND THE

## GROGAN CASE

BY FRED GUARDINEER

A BAND OF CLEVER COUNTERFEITERS HAS BEEN PREYING ON SMALL STORE OWNERS IN NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE. MOST OF THEM HAVE BEEN TOO FRIGHTENED BY GANGSTERS TO PROTEST, BUT ONE DAY...



AND THAT NIGHT  
AT THE BANTAM  
CLUB, A  
GAMBLING  
JOINT,  
SPEED  
PLAYS CARDS  
WITH DAVE  
GROGAN

I'LL  
TAKE  
TWO!

RIGHT!

RAISE YOU  
TEN!

SPEED SEES THE TEN-  
SPOT AND DETERMINES  
TO GET  
THEM ALL.

RAISE  
YOU  
TEN!

I SAW YOU  
PULL THAT  
CARD!

\*SOCK!

I'LL SEE  
IF HE'S GOT  
ANY MORE OF  
THOSE "TENS"  
IN HIS  
WALLET!

TAKE IT EASY  
AND NOBODY  
WILL GET  
HURT!

LATER AT THE  
POLICE  
COMMISSIONER'S

IT  
SHAPES UP  
DAVE GROGAN  
PASSES OUT THE  
THE BILLS, BUT  
WHO SUPPLIES  
THEM?

SOUNDS LIKE A PRINTING PRESS IN THAT WINDOW - MAYBE THAT'S WHERE THE BILLS ARE MADE...

MIGHT AS WELL CLIMB OVER AND HAVE A LOOK!

WELL, I'LL BE -

WHAT SPEED SEES -

I'LL NAB HIM WITH THE GOODS!

SPEED BURSTS IN THE ROOM ONLY TO FIND IT COMPLETELY EMPTY -

I COULD HAVE SWORN -

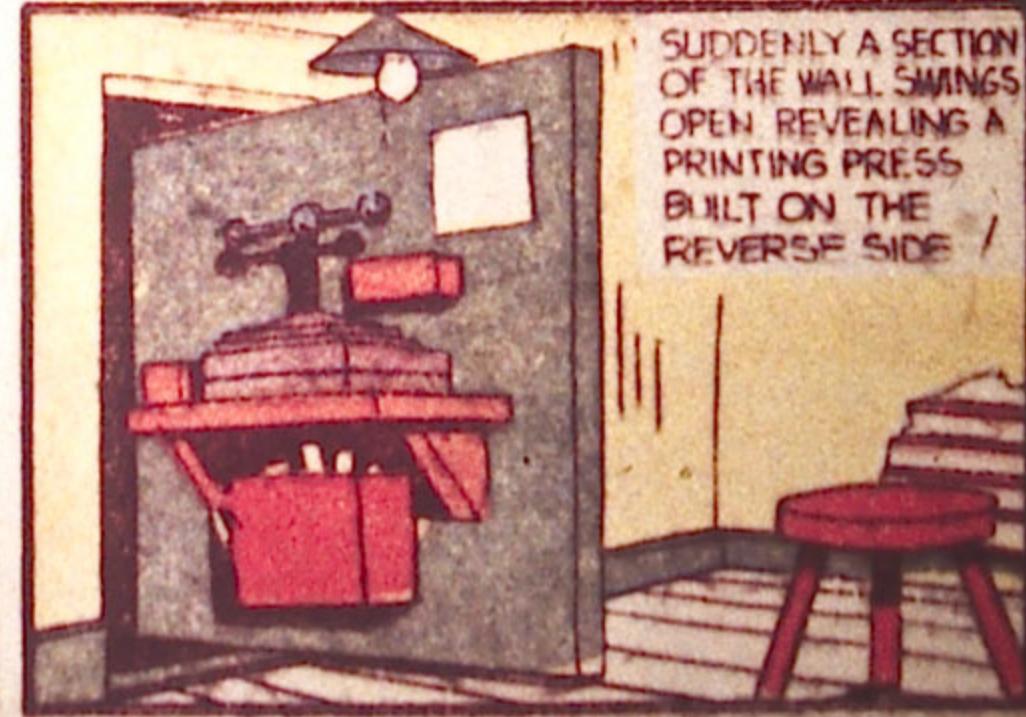
AT THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER -

IT WAS UNCANNY / WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR THE PRINTING PRESS AND THE MAN WERE GONE !

TRY TO GET IN TO NIGHT BEFORE THE MAN COMES, IF YOU CAN !

THIS IS THE BUILDING ALL RIGHT - NOW TO GET IN !

THIS OVERALL DISGUISE FEELS OKAY TOO



SO THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT,  
EH? A SWINGING PANEL  
THAT WORKS AUTOMATICALLY  
WHEN THE DOOR OPENS  
UNEXPECTEDLY!

WHO'S IN  
BACK OF ALL THIS?  
DON'T TELL ME  
DAVE GROGAN. HE'S  
YOUR CONTACT MAN.  
I WANT THE  
BIG BOSS!

I DON'T  
KNOW HIM! I  
GET MY ORDERS  
FROM DAVE  
GROGAN!

THAT LOCKED CLOSET  
WILL HOLD THAT  
FELLA NOW IF  
ONLY I CAN  
MEET SOME  
OF HIS  
CRONIES!

WELL I'LL  
BE..  
THE PRESS  
IS SLIDING  
BACK!

HE OUGHT TO  
BE IN HERE! I  
SAW HIM MYSELF  
COMING  
IN

IT'S THE COPPER-  
GET HIM!

UP WITH  
'EM!

BOOM  
BANG

NO, YOU  
DON'T  
GROGAN!

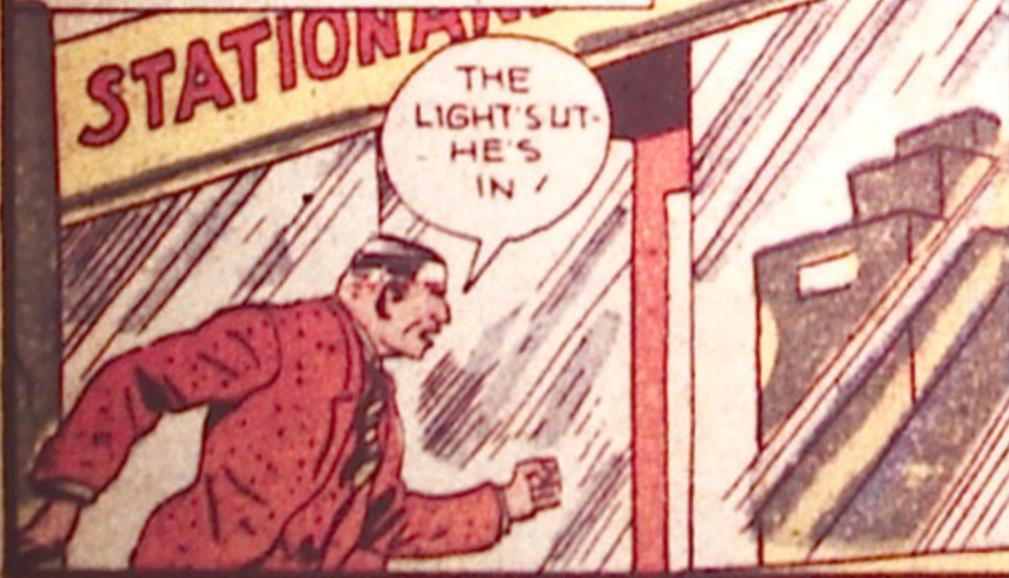
WITH SPEED IN PURSUIT, GROGAN VAULTS THE FENCE BACK OF THE HOUSE -



AND THE CHASE CONTINUES ALONG THE SIDEWALK -



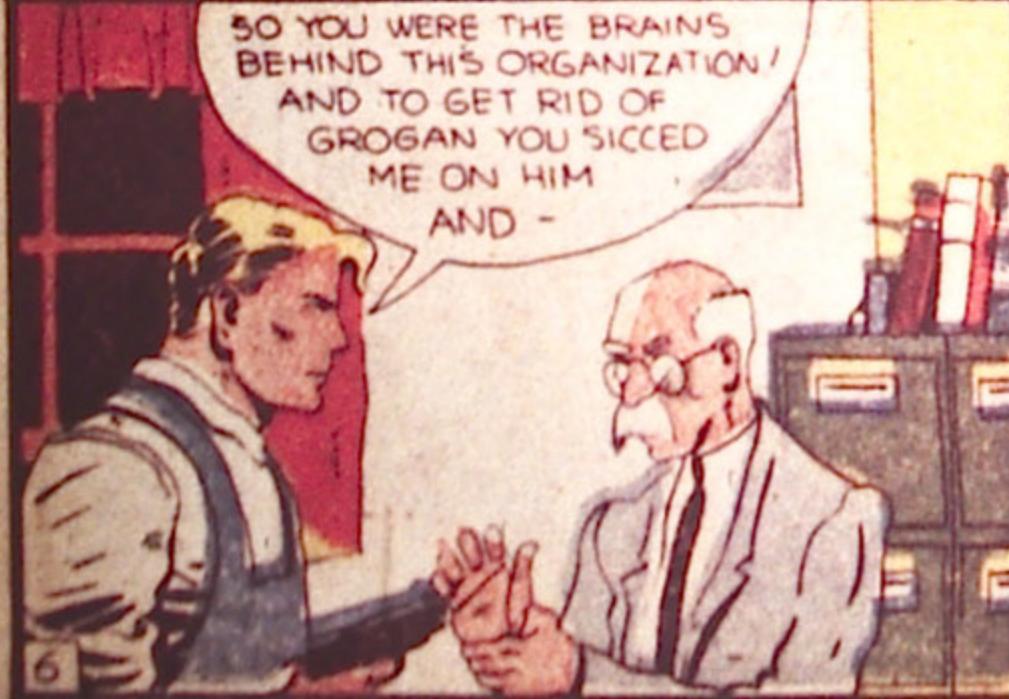
TO THE DOORWAY OF THE SHOPKEEPER WHO CALLED SPEED IN ON THE CASE



YOU SURE DID COPPER I SUPPOSE GUS HERE DIDN'T KNOW I WAS ON TO HIS GAME - GETTING YOU INTO THIS SO YOU WOULD RUN ME IN AND GET ME OUT OF GUS' WAY I WAS GETTING TOO POWERFUL EH GUS ? WELL



SO YOU WERE THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS ORGANIZATION ! AND TO GET RID OF GROGAN YOU SICCED ME ON HIM AND -



I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT IT OF YOU, GUS, BUT STATIONERY STORES DON'T KEEP THEIR REAR ROOM LOCKED THERE IS HALF A MILLION IN HOT MONEY IN HERE. GUESS THE GOVERNMENT WILL WANT TO TALK TO YOU !



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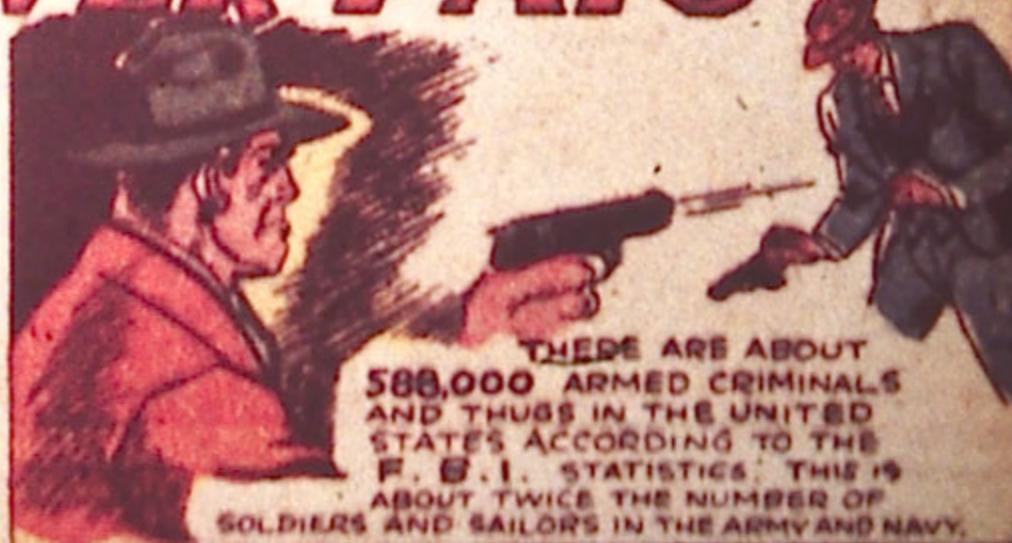
# CRIME NEVER PAYS

DON  
VICENT

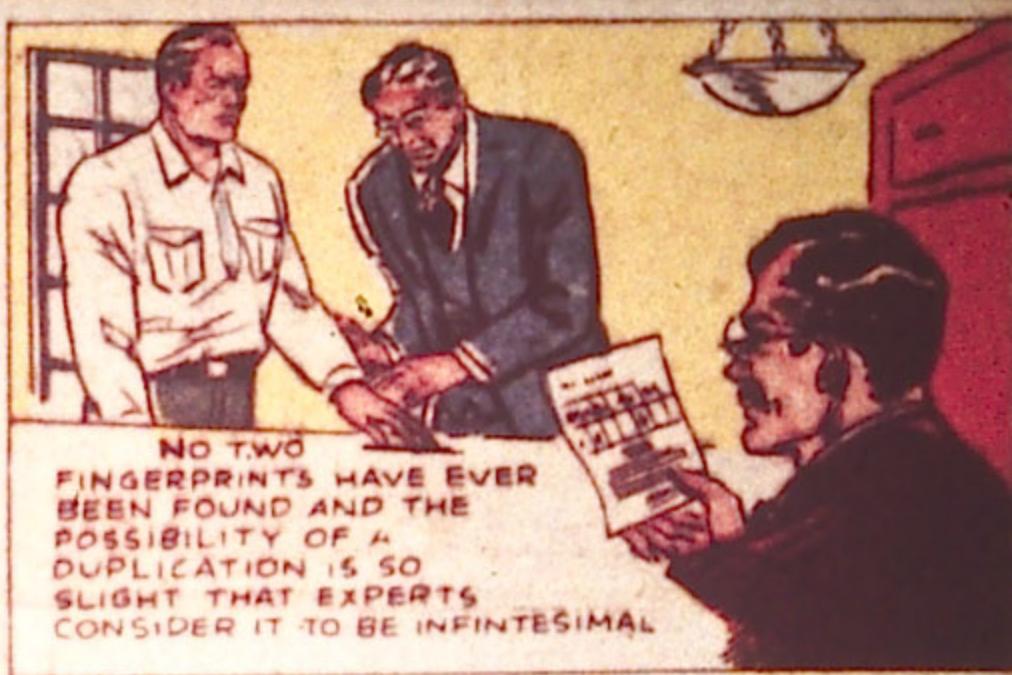


## MOULAGE CASTS ARE VALUABLE AIDS IN DETECTION WORK!

MOULAGE IS ONE OF THE GREATEST AIDS TO SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION. THE SYSTEM OF USING THIS GUM SUBSTANCE OF HOMINIT WAS INVENTED BY ALPHONSE POLLER AND IS NOW USED BY PROGRESSIVE CRIME FIGHTERS EVERYWHERE TO PRESERVE PERMANENTLY PERISHABLE BITS OF CRIMINAL EVIDENCE SUCH AS FOOTPRINTS IN MUD AND DUST OR TEETH MARKS IN CANDY AND FRUIT. THE CRUDER METHOD OF USING PLASTER CASTS FOR SIMILAR PURPOSES HAS BEEN DISCARDED AND THIS MODERN SYSTEM HAS COME INTO UNIVERSAL USE.



THERE ARE ABOUT 588,000 ARMED CRIMINALS AND THUGS IN THE UNITED STATES ACCORDING TO THE F. B. I. STATISTICS. THIS IS ABOUT TWICE THE NUMBER OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

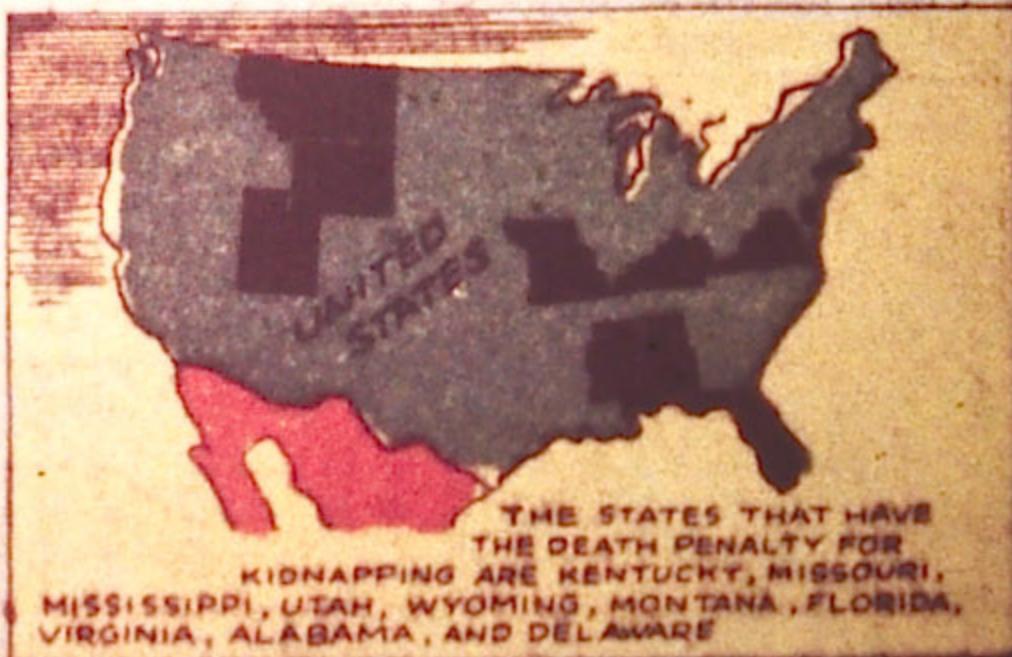


NO TWO FINGERPRINTS HAVE EVER BEEN FOUND AND THE POSSIBILITY OF A DUPLICATION IS SO SLIGHT THAT EXPERTS CONSIDER IT TO BE INFINTESIMAL.



## T-MEN

OR TREASURY DEPARTMENT AGENTS INCLUDE MEMBERS OF SEVEN DIVISIONS WHOSE DUTIES IT IS TO ENFORCE FEDERAL LAWS. THEY ARE: THE SECRET SERVICE, BUREAU OF NARCOTICS, COAST GUARD, ALCOHOL TAX UNIT OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE, CUSTOMS, ALCOHOL TAX BUREAU, AND THE INTELLIGENCE UNIT OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE DEPARTMENT.



THE STATES THAT HAVE THE DEATH PENALTY FOR KIDNAPPING ARE KENTUCKY, MISSOURI, MISSISSIPPI, UTAH, WYOMING, MONTANA, FLORIDA, VIRGINIA, ALABAMA, AND DELAWARE.

# INSPECTOR KENT OF SCOTLAND YARD

By  
George  
Norman

A  
SHORT  
TIME  
LATER  
INSPECTOR  
KENT  
ARRIVES  
!

WHEN DID YOU FIND JUST BEFORE  
THE FORMULA MISSING?

I TELEPHONED  
YOU--MY TRUSTED  
LABORATORY AIDE,  
HENRY ADAMS, HAS  
ALSO VANISHED!

HELLO, INSPECTOR KENT?---  
THIS IS DR. RONALD WAINWRIGHT  
SPEAKING---MY NEWLY PERFECTED  
FORMULA FOR INVISIBILITY HAS  
BEEN STOLEN! PLEASE  
COME TO  
MY HOUSE  
AT ONCE!

KENT AND DR. WAINWRIGHT ENTER THE  
LABORATORY WHERE THE THUMPING  
SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM---

THE SOUND  
STOPPED!

THERE IT IS AGAIN--  
FROM BEHIND THAT  
DOOR---I'LL COVER  
YOU DOCTOR,  
OPEN IT!

WHO  
IS  
IT?

WHY, IT'S ADAMS, MY  
ASSISTANT! WHAT  
HAPPENED TO YOU,  
HENRY?

I WAS CLEANING THE LAB WHEN A SUBTLE  
GAS ROBBED ME OF MY SENSES, AS I  
SANK TO THE FLOOR,  
I ROLLED ON MY BACK  
AND LOOKED UP INTO  
THE BLACK MASKED  
FEATURES OF THAT  
SUPER-CRIMINAL--  
"THE RAVEN"--  
WHAT DID "THE  
RAVEN" WANT?

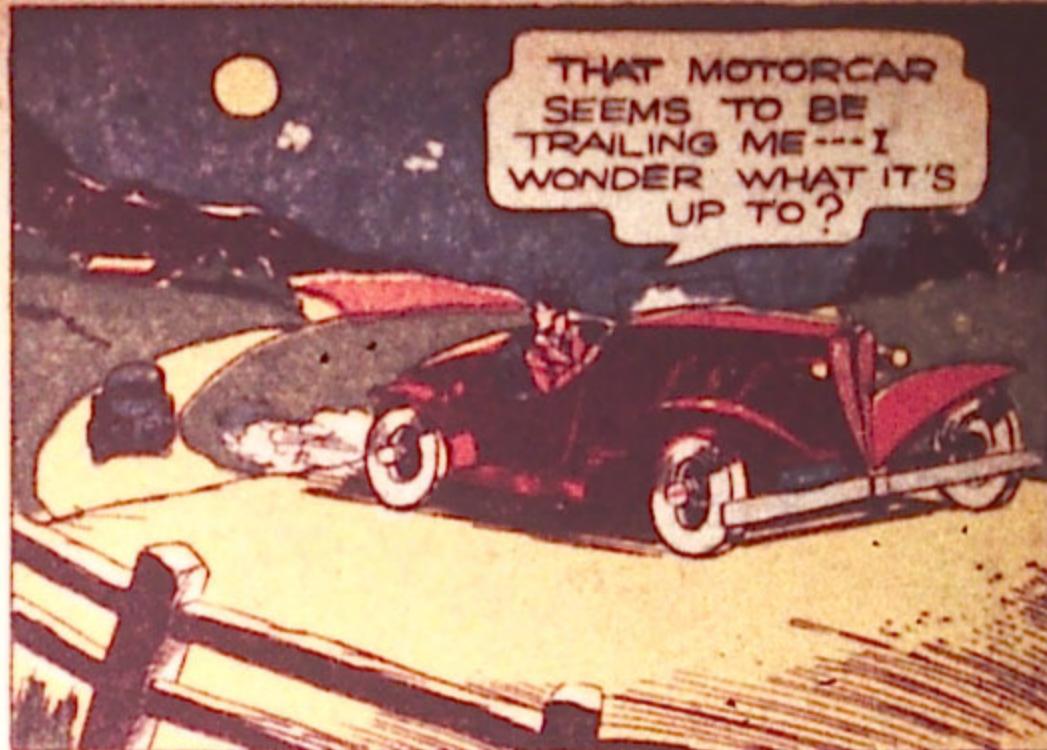
THE INVISIBILITY FORMULA--  
WITH IT A MAN COULD  
RULE THE  
WORLD!

THE PHONE IS  
RINGING, I'LL  
ANSWER  
IT!

YES, THIS IS INSPECTOR KENT---WHAT, YOU'VE CAUGHT "THE RAVEN"? GOOD, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



THAT MOTORCAR SEEMS TO BE TRAILING ME---I WONDER WHAT IT'S UP TO?



I PITY THE POOR BLOKE WHAT THINKS 'E KIN OUTSMART "THE RAVEN"

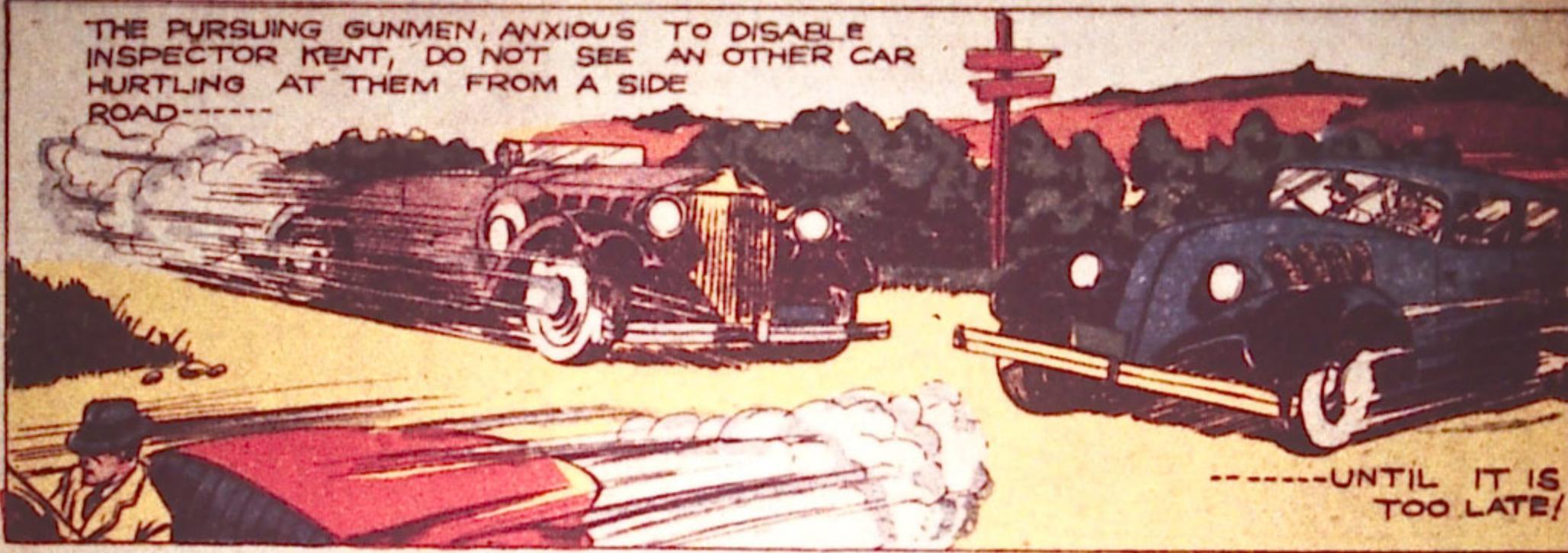
WHEN WE GET CLOSER--- LET 'IM 'AVE IT!



THEY ARE AFTER ME--- AND COMING FAST---NO DOUBT THEY'RE "THE RAVEN'S" MEN



THE PURSUING GUNMEN, ANXIOUS TO DISABLE INSPECTOR KENT, DO NOT SEE AN OTHER CAR HURTLING AT THEM FROM A SIDE ROAD-----



-----UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE!

THE DRIVER OF THE ROADSTER IS THROWN CLEAR

A FEW MINUTES LATER-----

I SAW THE GUNS-- KNEW WHAT THEY INTENDED TO DO -- SO I-I RAMMED THEM---LEAPED CLEAR OF THE WRECK--OH-- IT ACHES!

YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL, MISS, YOU SAVED MY LIFE AT THE RISK OF YOUR OWN!



THE INSPECTOR CONTINUES HIS TRIP TO SCOTLAND YARD ACCCOMPANIED BY HIS RESCUER, WENDY FOSTER!

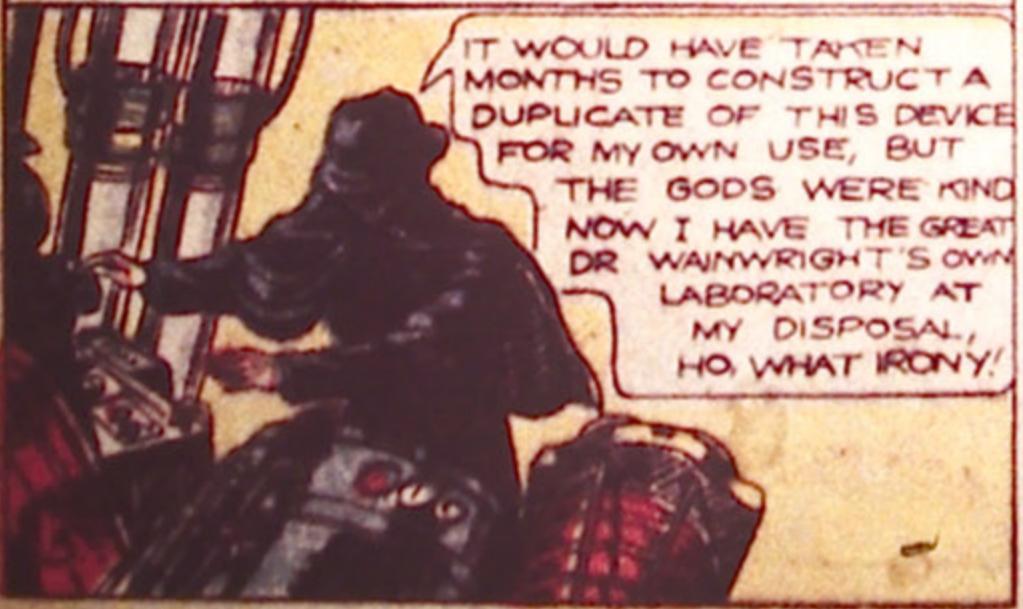


AT SCOTLAND YARD-----

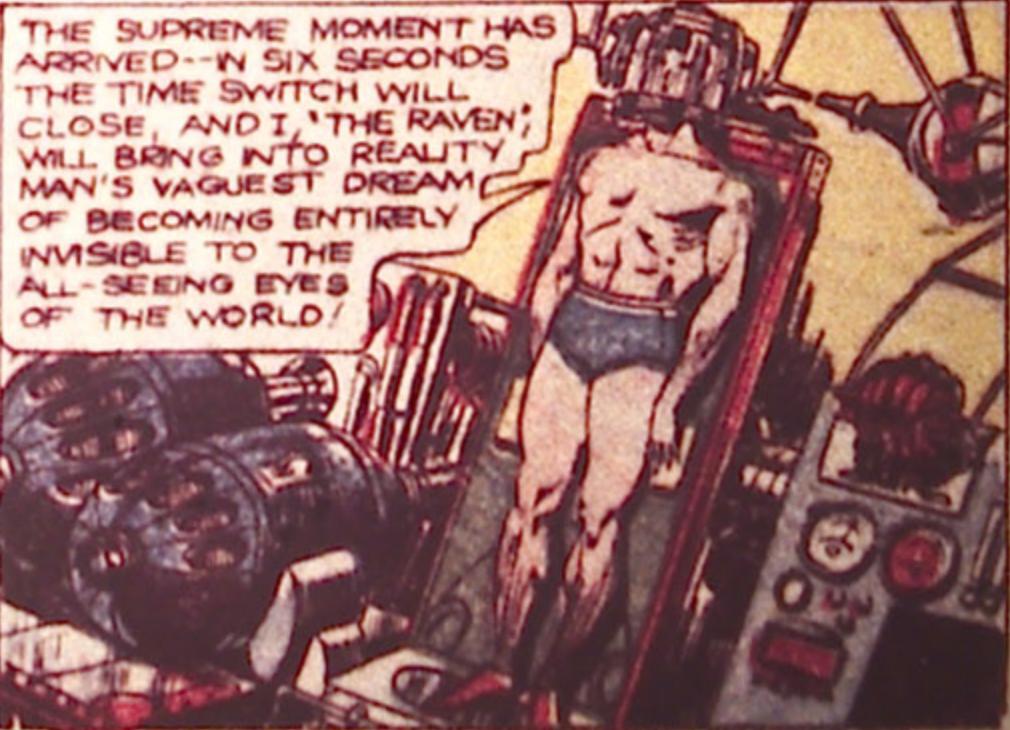
WOULD YOU MIND TERRIBLY IF I WERE TO GO IN WITH YOU, I'M REALLY INTERESTED!



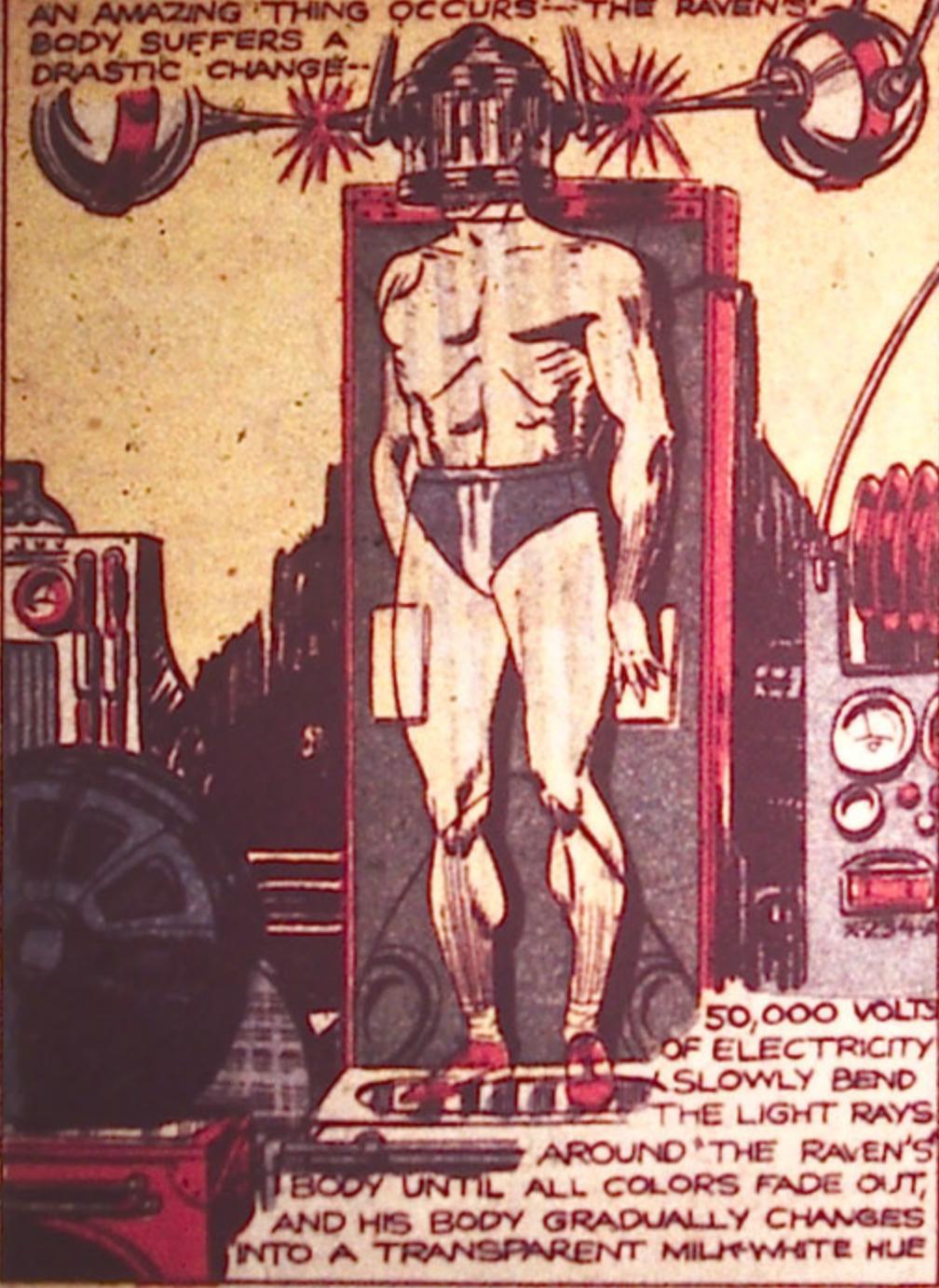
IN WAINWRIGHT'S LABORATORY "THE RAVEN" ADJUSTS AND READJUSTS COMPLICATED SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS!



THE SUPREME MOMENT HAS ARRIVED--IN SIX SECONDS THE TIME SWITCH WILL CLOSE, AND I, "THE RAVEN", WILL BRING INTO REALITY MAN'S VAGUEST DREAMS OF BECOMING ENTIRELY INVISIBLE TO THE ALL-SEEING EYES OF THE WORLD!



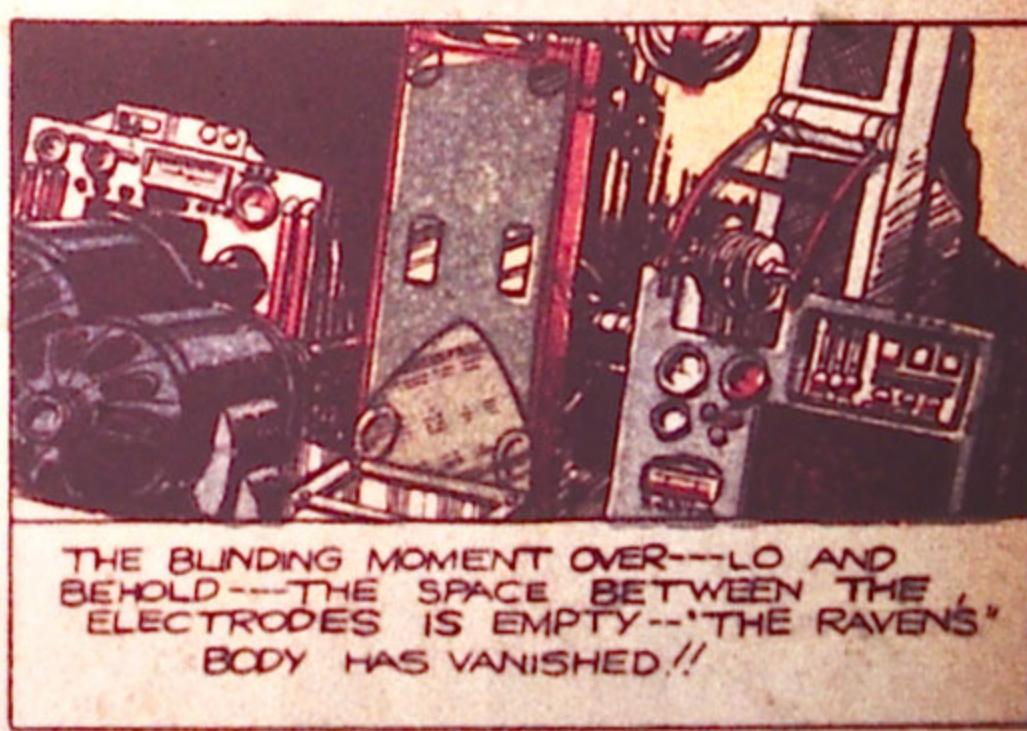
THE TIME SWITCH IS CLOSED-- DYNAMOS HUM, POWER TUBES FLASH, AND RELAYS CLICK, THEN AN AMAZING THING OCCURS--"THE RAVEN'S" BODY SUFFERS A DRASTIC CHANGE--



50,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY SLOWLY BEND THE LIGHT RAYS AROUND "THE RAVEN'S" BODY UNTIL ALL COLORS FADE OUT, AND HIS BODY GRADUALLY CHANGES INTO A TRANSPARENT MILK-WHITE HUE



THE MILKY-WHITENESS IS CONSUMED BY A TREMENDOUS BURST OF DAZZLING BLUE-WHITE INCANDESCENCE !



THE BLINDING MOMENT OVER--LO AND BEHOLD--THE SPACE BETWEEN THE ELECTRODES IS EMPTY--"THE RAVEN'S" BODY HAS VANISHED!!

THIS CHAP WAS BAIT, KENT, TO LURE YOU AWAY FROM THE REAL RAVEN'S SCENE OF ACTIVITIES !

I'M RETURNING TO WAINWRIGHT'S ESTATE, AND GET "THE RAVEN" ALIVE --OR DEAD!



DO AS YOU WISH, MISS FOSTER, BUT IT WILL BE DANGEROUS

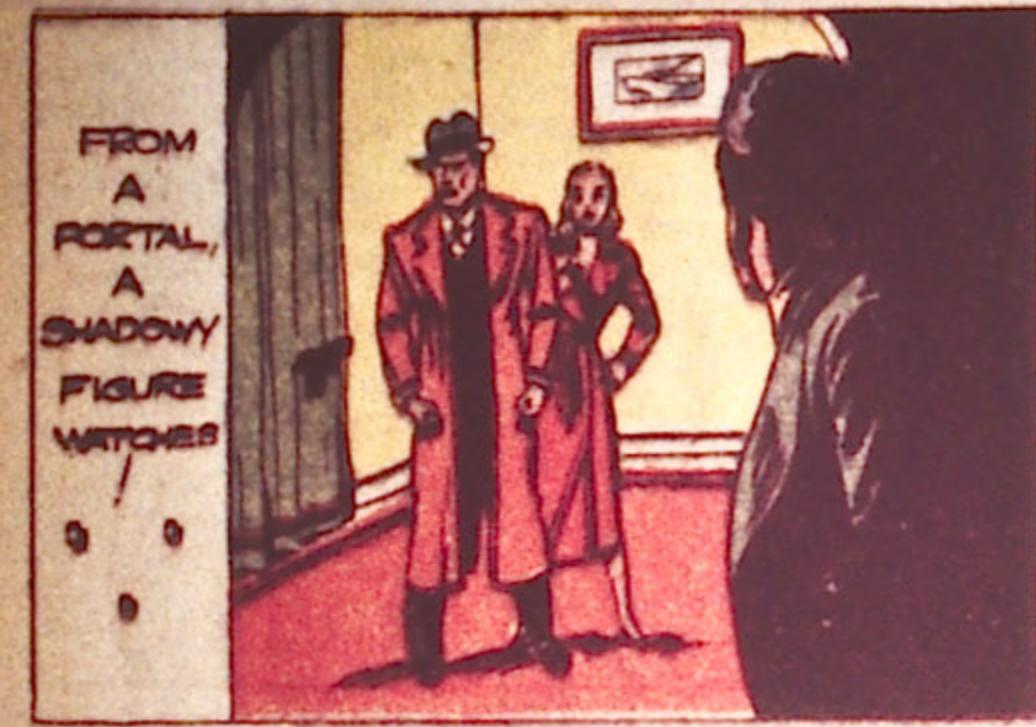
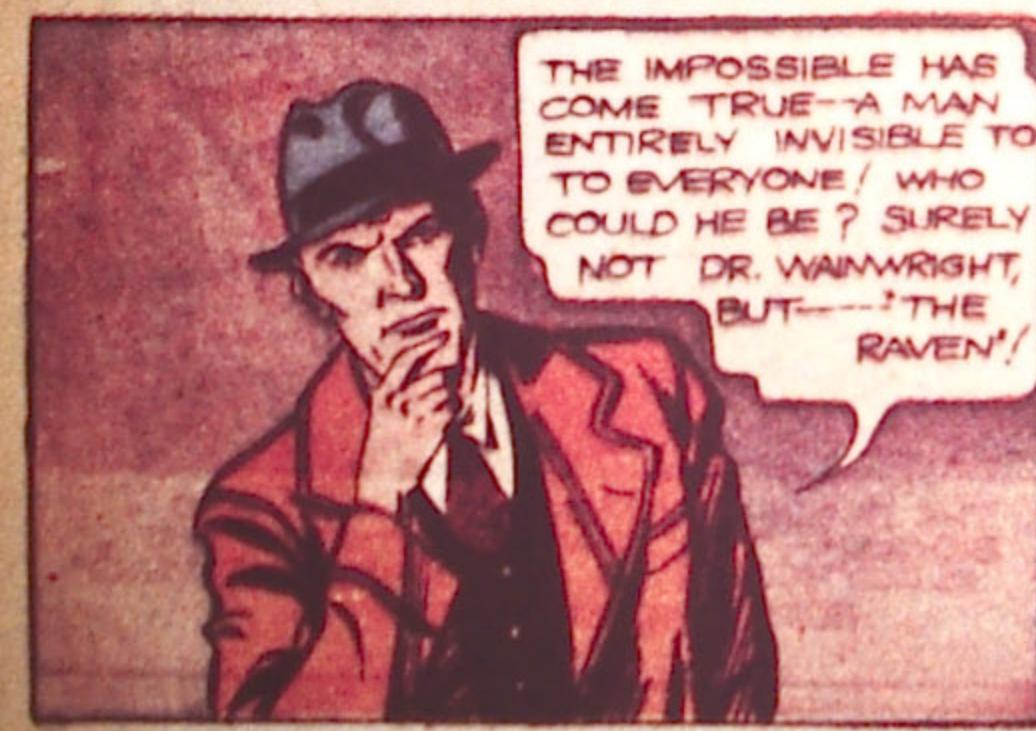
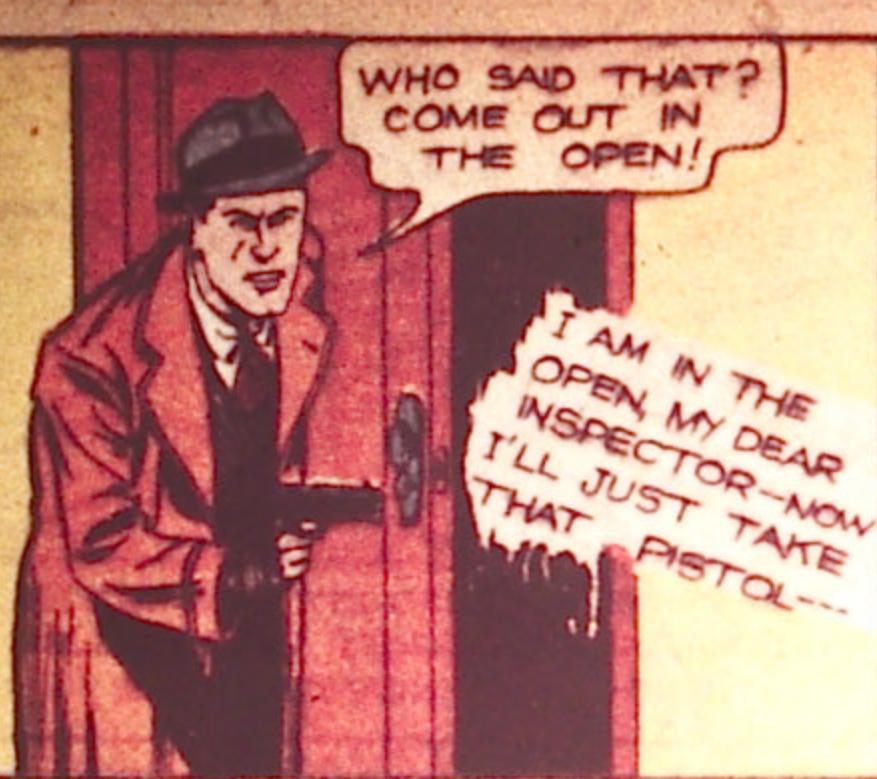


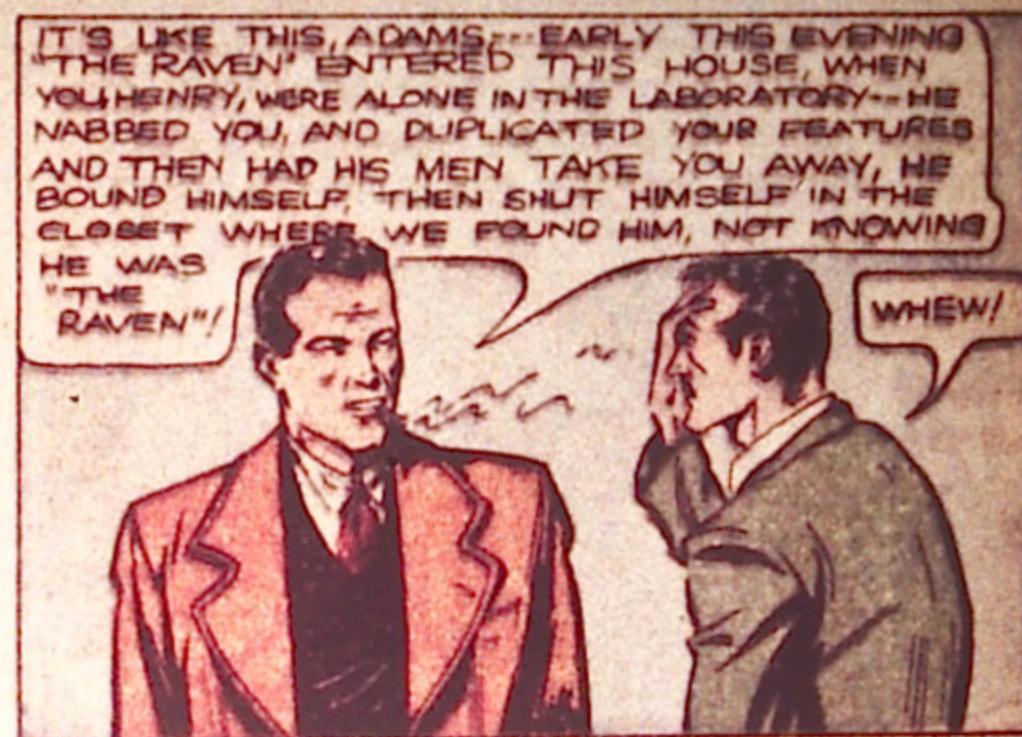
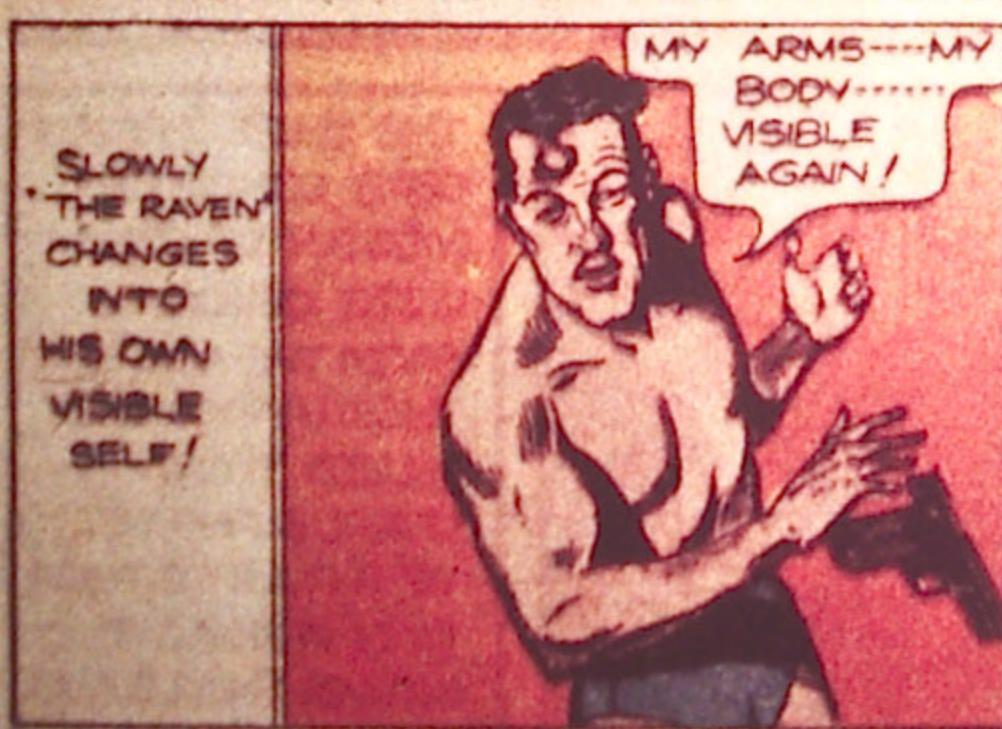
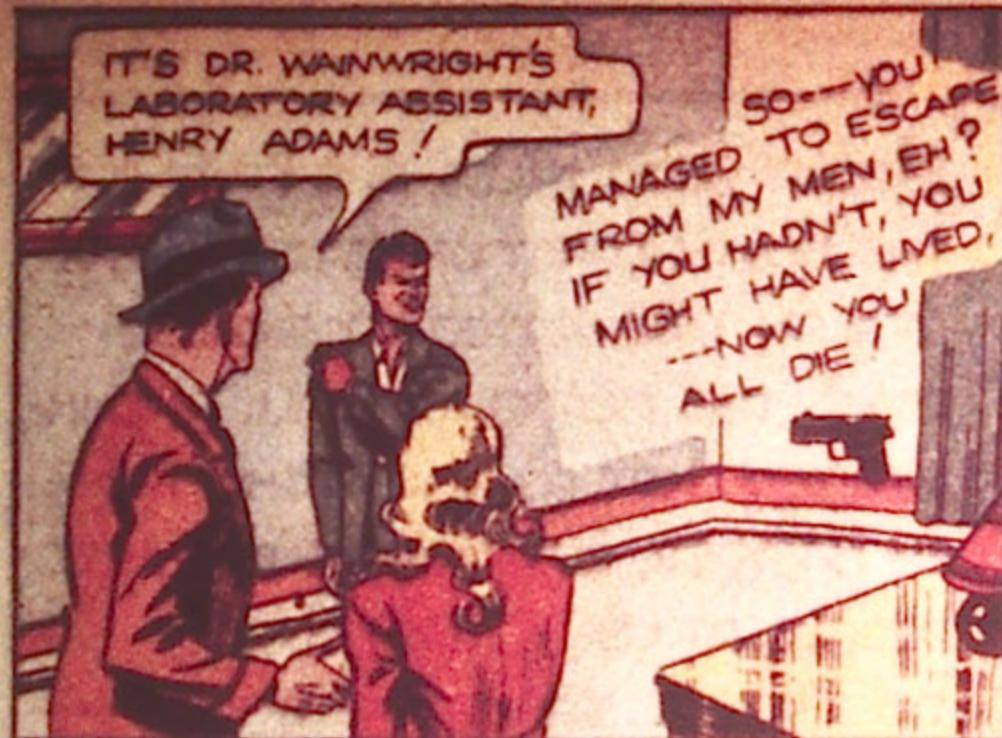
AT THE DOCTOR'S ESTATE KENT RAPS ON THE DOOR!

DR. WAINWRIGHT HASN'T ANY SERVANTS----HE'LL PROBABLY OPEN THE DOOR HIMSELF!



WHO COULD HAVE SAID THAT?





# LARRY STEELE PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

THESE INHABITANTS WERE CAST UPON THE ISLAND OF WANATOSA, FOR THAT IS WHAT IT IS CALLED, IN THE YEAR OF 1918 WHEN THEIR SHIP WAS WRECKED OFF ITS COAST —



ABOUT 2000 MILES DUE EAST, OFF THE NORTH COAST OF BRAZIL THERE LIES AN UNCHARTED TROPICAL ISLAND - THE ISLAND IS SMALL AND INHABITED NOT AS ONE MIGHT THINK BY NATIVES, BUT MOSTLY BY WHITE PEOPLE, AT LEAST THEY ONCE WOULD HAVE PASSED AS WHITES ---

FOOD WAS PLENTIFUL SO THE PRISONERS WERE CONTENT TO BE MAROONED ON THE ISLAND WHERE SOCIETY COULDN'T BOTHER THEM —



BUT IN 1934 A SMALL GROUP OF EXPLORERS ARRIVE AT THE ISLAND IN A SEAPLANE — —



IN A SEAPLANE EH ? GET THE MEN TOGETHER ! WE'LL TAKE 'EM CAPTIVE !



AND SO THE LITTLE PARTY FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE RUTHLESS ISLAND PEOPLE — —



BOSS, THERE'S FIVE MEN AND A YOUNG GIRL OF FOURTEEN —

THE MEN MUST BE KILLED — BRING THE GIRL TO ME —

AH-A PRETTY MISS — WHEN YOU BLOSSOM INTO WOMANHOOD YOU SHALL BECOME MY BRIDE —

YOU'VE MURDERED MY FATHER AND HIS COMPANIONS! I HOPE I LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE YOU SUFFER FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE —

COME ON! ENOUGH OF THAT!

TAKE HER AWAY AND STOP HER BABBLING TONGUE!

4 YEARS HAVE PASSED AND ONCE AGAIN THE WHIR OF AN AIRPLANE MOTOR IS HEARD ABOVE THE ISLAND —

BUT THE PLANE IS BEHAVING ODDLY — THE MOTOR IS MISSING — THE PILOT IS TRYING TO LAND —

THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN TRYING TO MAKE FOR A CLEARING BETWEEN THE PALMS —

BUT TOO MUCH POWER IS LOST — THE BRANCHES ENSNARE THE PLANE AND IT CRASHES AMONGST A GROUP OF PALMS —



THE PILOT  
IS THROWN  
CLEAR AND  
ROLLS OVER  
UNCONSCIOUS-  
THE PLANE  
BURSTS INTO  
FLAME ---



A PLANE JUST  
CRASHED OFF  
THE EAST  
COAST- COME ON -

BRING YOUR  
GUNS -



THE PILOT STIRS BEFORE THE RENEGADES REACH HIM AND WE RECOGNIZE LARRY STEELE ---



OH- MY ANKLE'S  
SPRAINED- I CAN'T  
WALK -

PUT 'EM UP,  
MISTER- YOU'RE  
COVERED -

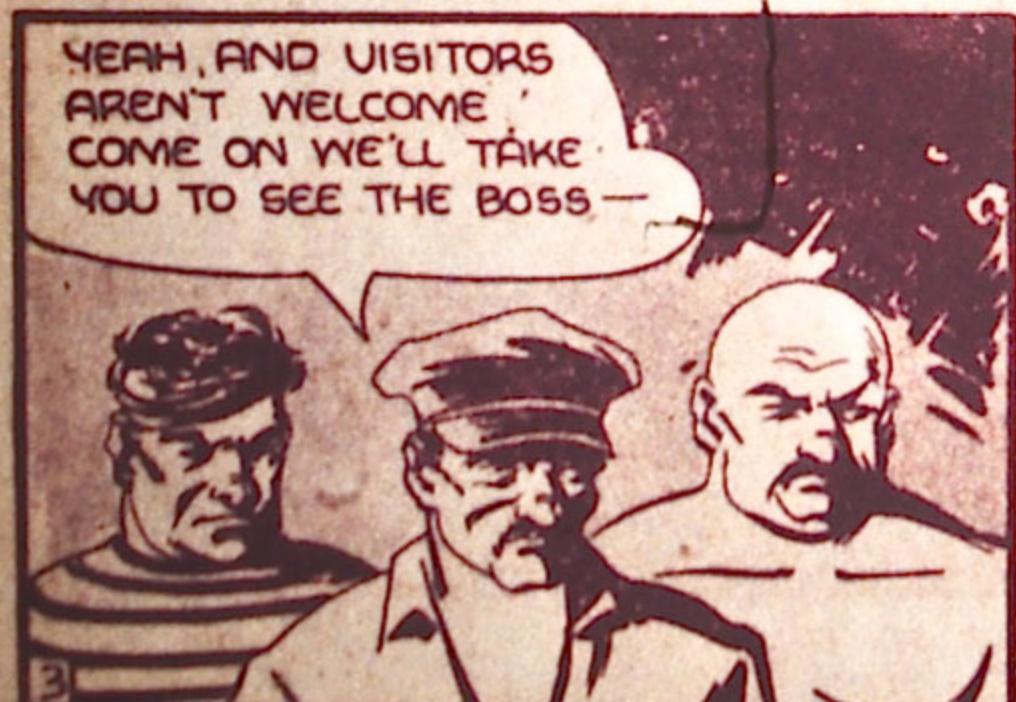
WHITE PEOPLE- IN  
THIS OUT OF THE  
WAY PLACE !



YEAH, AND VISITORS  
AREN'T WELCOME  
COME ON WE'LL TAKE  
YOU TO SEE THE BOSS -

SO- SOMEONE  
ELSE WOULD  
TRESPASS ON  
OUR ISLAND EH ?

I DIDN'T MEAN TO-  
MY PLANE FAILED  
ME AND I HAD TO  
LAND ---



WELL, WE DON'T  
LIKE STRANGERS  
SEE - YOU'LL BE  
SHOT - - -

HEY, BOSS - LISTEN -

NONE OF US CAN HANDLE  
A PLANE, AND HE CAN -  
IT WOULD BE A CHANCE  
TO ESCAPE - - -

H'MM THAT'S  
AN IDEA -  
THROW HIM  
IN THE  
DUNGEON - - -

EN RICO CALLS  
A MEETING OF  
HIS CLAN THAT  
EVENING TO  
DISCUSS THE  
FATE OF LARRY

I'M SICK OF THIS  
JOINT - WE COULD  
HAVE LEFT BEFORE  
IF WE HAD LET  
THOSE FUERS LIVE -

YEAH, IT'S BEEN A LONG-  
TIME BOSS; THE WORLD'S  
FORGOTTEN US BY NOW -

WE CAN LET  
HIM USE THE  
SEAPLANE -  
HIS IS WRECK-  
ED - - -

WE CAN BUMP HIM  
OFF WHEN WE GET  
TO THE MAINLAND -

O.K. THOSE THAT  
WANT TO LEAVE  
CAN - BUT DON'T  
LEAVE A TRAIL -  
SOME OF US LIKE  
IT HERE - - -

THE NEXT DAY LARRY IS AGAIN SUM-  
MONED BEFORE THE BOSS -

WE'VE CHANGED  
OUR MINDS ABOUT  
YOU PAL - WE'RE  
ALL STUCK HERE  
SO YOU MIGHT AS  
WELL BE ONE OF US -

THAT'S VERY  
KIND OF YOU -

STUCK HERE  
UNLESS YOU  
CAN OPERATE  
A SEAPLANE -  
CAN YOU ?

WHY, YES - HAVE YOU  
ONE - - -

YES - WE'LL LOOK  
HER OVER AFTER  
LUNCH —

SAY - WHO WAS THAT -

THAT MY BOY IS  
DELORES, THE GIRL  
WHO WILL SOON BE  
MY BRIDE - PRETTY  
DON'T YOU THINK ?

BEAUTIFUL, AND  
SO YOUNG —

LATER THE BOSS TAKES LARRY TO  
THE PLANE SO HE CAN INSPECT IT —

IS SHE IN  
RUNNING  
ORDER ?

I THINK I CAN GET  
IT TO RUN, BUT I'LL  
HAVE TO WORK ON  
IT —

ALL RIGHT GO TO IT  
I'LL SET MY WED-  
DING FOR WHEN  
YOU HAVE IT COM-  
PLETED - YOU SEE  
SOME ARE ANXIOUS  
TO LEAVE WANA-  
TOBA BUT A FEW OF  
US ARE CONTENT TO  
SPEND OUR LIVES  
HERE —

YOU THINK IT  
SAFER-EH -

LARRY IS FREE TO ROAM THE ISLAND  
BUT HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME AT  
WORK ON THE PLANE - BUT THE BEAUTI-  
FUL DOLORES IS CONSTANTLY ON HIS  
MIND —

SHE SEEMS UNHAPPY -  
I MUST TRY AND TALK  
WITH HER —

THAT EVENING LARRY GOES FOR A  
STROLL —

AS HE COMES TO THE BOSS'S HUT HE HEARS A LOUD VOICE FROM WITHIN - THEN ALL IS SILENT —

THAT MUST BE THE BOSS —



A MOMENT LATER THE BOSS EMERGES AND HEADS TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE VILLAGE —



IF HE'S BEEN MISTREATING DOLORES, I'LL KILL HIM —



OH ! IT'S YOU, PLEASE GO AWAY ! HE'LL KILL YOU IF HE SEES YOU HERE —

HE'S GONE - I MUST TALK WITH YOU —



DOLORES TELLS LARRY HOW SHE CAME TO BE AT WANATOSA AND THAT SHE MUST SOON MARRY THE BOSS —

WE WERE QUARRELING BEFORE HE LEFT —

I HAVE A PLAN TO GET US BOTH OUT OF HERE IF YOU'LL STICK BY ME —



I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF HERE !

ALL RIGHT - I HAVE YOUR FATHER'S PLANE ALMOST IN SHAPE - WHEN IT'S READY —



QUIET - HE'S COMING !



SO -- YOU WOULD KEEP A RENDEZVOUS WITH MY DOLORES !!

TO BE CONTINUED --



# SPY

SIEGEL  
SHUSTER

TIRED OF CHASING INTERNATIONAL PERILS AND FORGOING A NORMAL LIFE TOGETHER, SALLY AND BART HAVE AT LAST QUIT THE SPY SERVICE

TO-DAY IS THEIR WEDDING-DAY! - AND BOY! ARE THEY HAPPY -- !



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE ! HOW DARE YOU  
INTERRUPT A WEDDING CEREMONY, AND  
ON A BICYCLE, AT THAT !

SORRY, REVEREND, BUT I GOT  
A TELEGRAM TO DELIVER — AN'  
A JOB'S A  
JOB !

ARE YOU BART REGAN ?

THEN SIGN  
THIS !

YES

9.

BART ! DON'T OPEN THAT TELEGRAM !

I'M SORRY, SALLY — BUT  
MAYBE IT'S  
IMPORTANT !

GOSH !

COME ON, SALLY ! HURRY !  
LET ME GO !

TAXI !

YOU BEAST ! —  
I HATE YOU !

HOLD ON ! — READ  
THE TELEGRAM BE-  
FORE YOU GET  
SORE !

WESTERN  
UNION

TO Bart Regan — Washington, D.C.  
REPORT TO ME AT  
ONCE STOP UNUSUALLY  
IMPORTANT

CHIEF

SO YOU CHOOSE  
THE CHIEF, RATHER  
THAN ME !

BE REASONABLE,  
SALLY !

WHERE'S YOUR PATRIOTISM ?

WHERE'S MY  
WEDDING  
CEREMONY ?

LATER --

YOU'VE COME !  
- GOOD !

NOTE HOW WELL  
DRESSED WE ARE FOR  
THE OCCASION !

DON'T MIND SALLY,  
CHIEF ! SHE'S  
ANGRY BECAUSE  
OUR WEDDING WAS  
INTERRUPTED

I'M SORRY I HAD TO DO  
THIS TO YOU TWO YOUNG-  
STERS, BUT I HAD NO  
OTHER ALTERNATIVE.  
AN EMERGENCY HAS  
ARisen THAT I'M  
SURE NO OTHER OP-  
ERATIVES COULD  
SUCCESSFULLY  
HANDLE .

WHAT'S ON THE FIRE  
THIS TIME, CHIEF ?

EVER HEAR OF  
ROSA RINALDO ?

I CERTAINLY HAVE !  
SHE'S A SABOTAGE EX-  
PERT WHO SELLS HER  
SERVICES TO THE HIGH-  
EST BIDDER ! BUT  
WHILE DESTRUCTION  
OCCURS WHEN SHE'S  
NEARBY, NO ONE HAS  
EVER BEEN ABLE TO  
PIN ANY BLAME  
UPON HER !

RIGHT ! - AND NOW SHE'S  
HERE IN WASHINGTON, NO  
DOUBT ABOUT TO PERP-  
ETRATE SOME DEVILTRY ! —  
WHATEVER IT IS SHE  
PLANS, 'DU'VE GOT TO  
CIRCUMVENT HER !

YOU SEE, SALLY ! IT WAS  
IMPORTANT, AFTER  
ALL !

LET'S GET STARTED !  
THE SOONER WE  
SOLVE THIS CASE,  
THE SOONER WE  
CAN GET MARRIED !

THEY PROCEED TO THE DELANO HOTEL WHERE RINALDO IS RESIDING, AND REGISTER ...

SIGN HERE -

BART REGAN AND WIFE !

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS DOG-GONE CASE, THAT WOULDNT BE A LIE !

NOW WHAT ?

WE'RE IN THE ROOM NEXT TO ROSA ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS SPY ON HER AND, PRESTO ! THE

CASE IS SOLVED !

25.

SEE ANYTHING ?

YEAH, THE VISION OF ME DYING AN OLD MAID !

IN THE NEXT ROOM, ROSA RINALDO, COMBS HER HAIR, UNAWARE SHE IS BEING OBSERVED ...

TWO HOURS LATER -

I'M SO TIRED, I CAN HARDLY STAND !

THIS ISN'T GETTING ME ANYTHING BUT A SORE BACK - THAT DAME'LL NEVER FINISH COMBING HER HAIR !

SHALL I LOOK NOW ?

NO SIR ! I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE MY FIANCÉ SPYING ON A YOUNG LADY IN HER BOUDOIR !

29.

I'VE GOT IT ! - I'LL MEET HER AND TELL HER RIGHT TO HER FACE THAT I SUSPECT DIRTY WORK YOU WATCH THRU THE TRANSMON AND TELL ME WHAT SHE DOES AFTER I LEAVE .

REMEMBER, I'LL BE WATCHING YOU !

BART CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN HE KNOCKS ON ROSA'S DOOR

WHO ARE -- !

NEVER MIND I'M COMING IN !

31.

HOW DARE YOU ? - GET OUT OF HERE  
AT ONCE, OR I'LL CALL THE  
MANAGEMENT !

I WOULDN'T DO  
THAT IF I WERE  
YOU —  
SPY !

SPY ? - W-WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN ?

LET'S DROP THE PRE-  
TENCES. - YOU'RE A  
SPY. I'M AN ENEMY SPY.  
AND I'LL DO ALL IN MY  
POWER TO PRE-  
VENT ANY SAB-  
OTAGE YOU  
CONTEMPLATE !

34

AN ENEMY SPY !  
-- HOW  
ROMANTIC !

HEY ! CUT THAT  
OUT !

IN THE NEXT ROOM —

BART REGAN ! IF  
YOU LET HER KISS  
YOU, I'LL- I'LL- !

35

YOU RESIST ' BUT HOW UNUSUAL !  
IN THE CINEMA, THE ENEMY SPIES  
ALWAYS FALL MADLY IN  
LOVE !

WELL, THIS ISN'T  
A MOVIE !

I'M LEAVING NOW  
BUT REMEMBER ! IF  
YOU'RE THINKING OF  
PULLING ANY SHEN-  
ANIGANS, JUST FOR-  
GET IT !

37

THE MOMENT THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND BART-

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE !  
I MUST ACT - QUICKLY !

WIDE-EYED, SALLY AWAITS ROSA'S NEXT MOVE !

39

ROSA REMOVES AN OBJECT FROM HER TRUNKS. -  
HOWEVER, HER BODY SCREENS IT FROM SALLY'S  
PRYING EYES



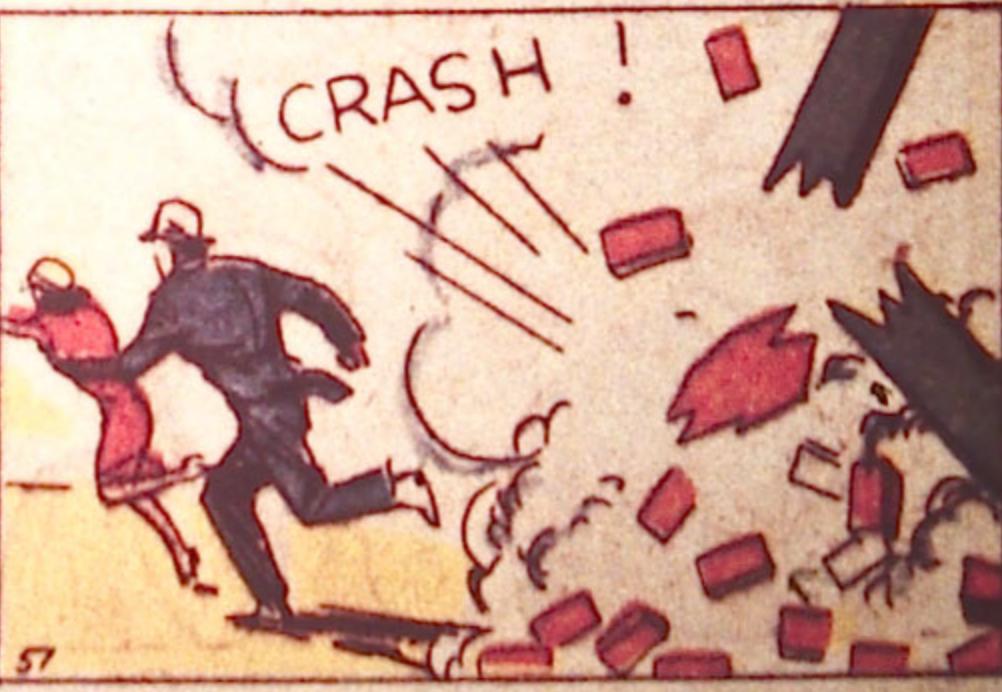
FROM THE SMILE LURKING UPON ROSA'S LIPS,  
SALLY'S CONCLUSION LOOKS PLAUSIBLE.



AT THAT INSTANT THE  
BUILDING BEHIND HIM  
SWAYS AND BUCKLES !

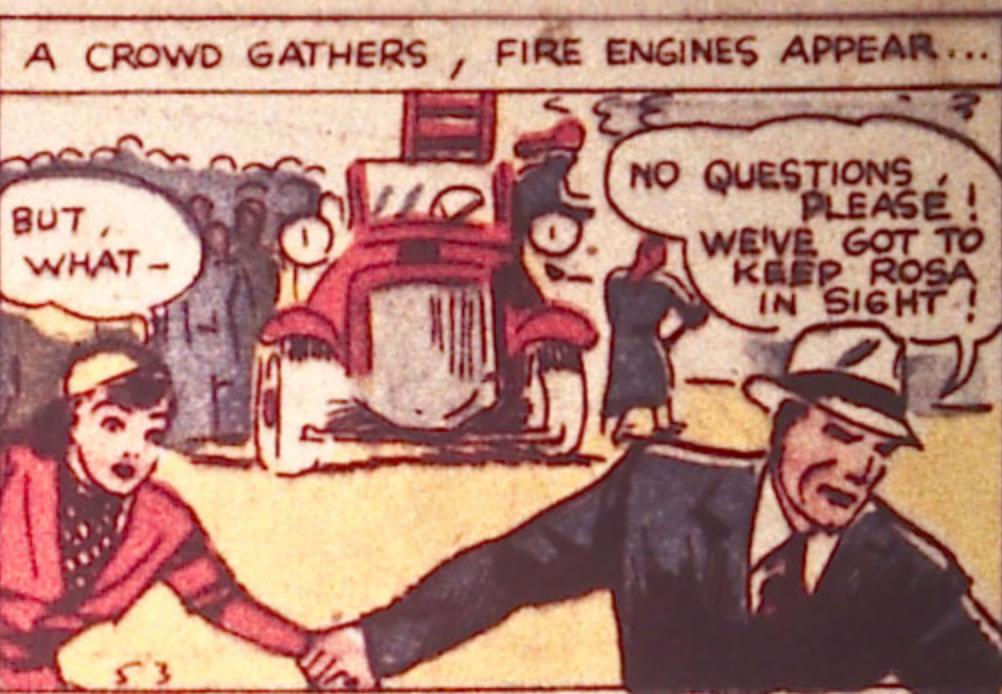


RUN ! - RUN FOR YOUR LIFE !



GOSH ! ANOTHER  
SECOND AND ....

... WE'D HAVE  
BEEN CRUSHED !



BUT SURELY YOU DON'T SUSPECT  
HER OF HAVING ANYTHING TO DO  
WITH THE BUILDING  
COLLAPSING ?

THAT'S  
EXACTLY  
WHAT I DO  
SUSPECT !



HER NOSE MUST BE EXTREMELY  
SHINY ! SHE'S GOING TO POWDER  
IT, AGAIN !

I'VE GOT TO  
STOP HER !



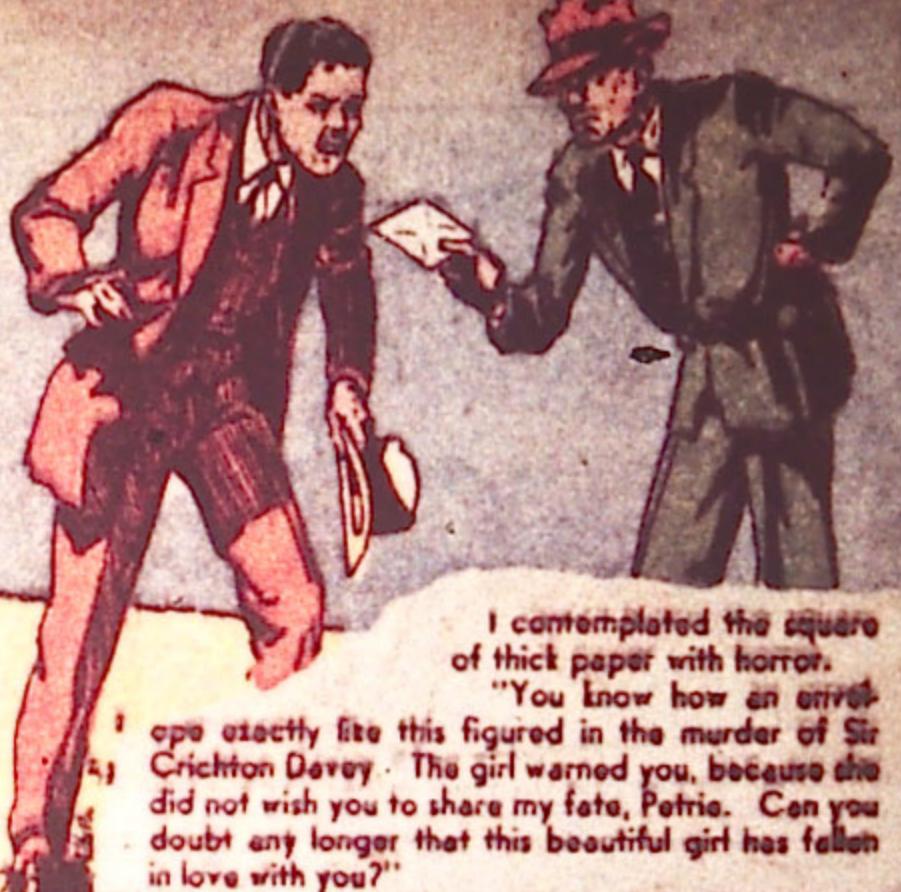


The adventurous story  
of that sinister charac-  
ter of the Orient

# DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by  
The Celebrated  
English Author

SAX ROHMER



I contemplated the square  
of thick paper with horror.

"You know how an enve-

lope exactly like this figured in the murder of Sir  
Crichton Davey. The girl warned you, because she  
did not wish you to share my fate, Petrie. Can you  
doubt any longer that this beautiful girl has fallen  
in love with you?"



"Smell!" cried Smith,  
and thrust the envelope  
under my nose. With a sense of nausea I recognized the  
exotic perfume which we had found in the room of Sir Crichton Davey. He received a perfumed message and,  
almost within the moment died.

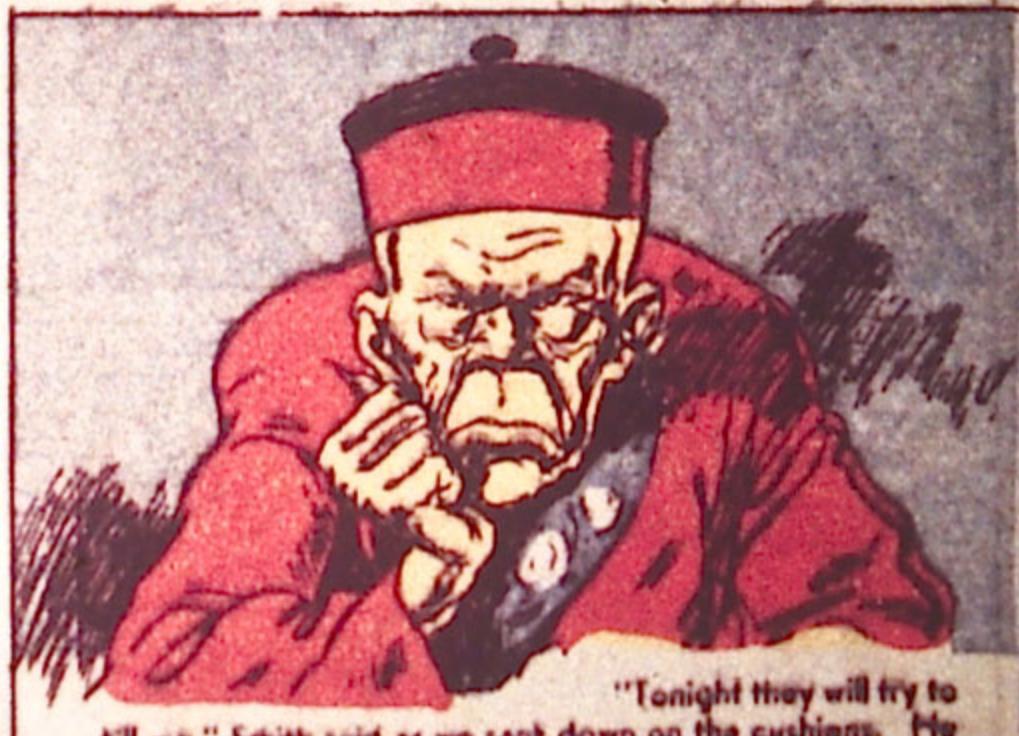
under my nose. With a sense of nausea I recognized the  
exotic perfume which we had found in the room of Sir Crichton Davey. He received a perfumed message and,  
almost within the moment died.



Something whis-  
pered past my ear. I missed both Smith and me by a miracle,  
and whirled over the roof of the taxi with a hum like a  
hurled knife. "Attempt number one!" cried Smith, as we  
scrambled into the taxi. "If I escape alive from this busi-  
ness I shall know I bear a charmed life."



Holding gingerly the perfumed envelope—that mes-  
sage of death—which the mysterious girl had given to me,  
Neyland Smith led me toward a cab. "We're hardly safe  
from Fu Manchu here, Petrie," he said. "Get in quickly!"



"Tonight they will try to  
kill me," Smith said as we sank down on the cushions. He  
tapped the perfumed envelope. "Fu Manchu knows that  
I alone recognize him as the most evil and formidable  
personality in the world today, and understand how the  
yellow hordes of the East plot to destroy Western civiliza-  
tion. Look out of the back window, Petrie."



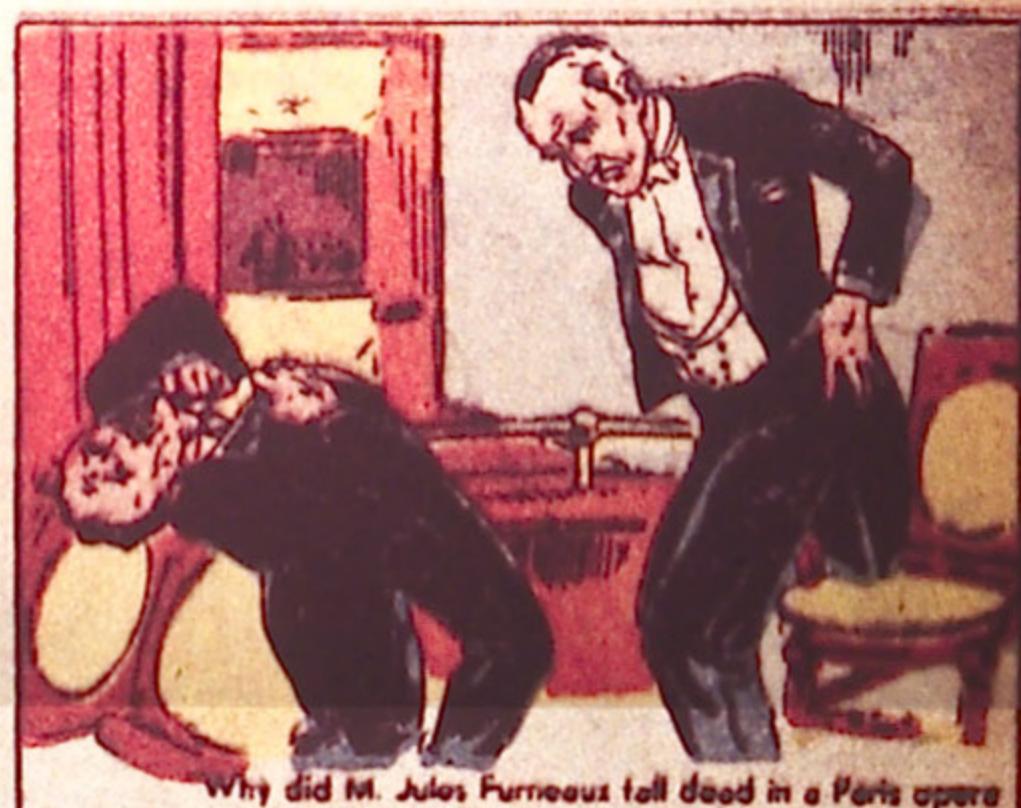
"Someone has got into another cab," I whispered. "It is following ours!"



Smith filled his pipe and told me with a wry smile: "There is little to fear until we reach home. Then there is much." He went on to explain the terrifying movement controlled by Fu Manchu. "Why was Sir Crichton Davey murdered?" he asked. "He was one of those who would arouse the West to the menace of the awakening East . . .



"Sir Crichton died because, had the book upon which he was working ever seen the light, it would have disclosed him as the only living Englishman who understood the importance of the Tibetan frontiers."



Why did M. Jules Furneaux fall dead in a Paris opera house? Heart failure? Not Fu Manchu! Furneaux's last speech had shown that he held the key to the secret of Tanting.



What became of the Grand Duke Stanislaus? Elopement? Suicide? Nothing of the kind. He alone knew the truth about Mongolia. Fu Manchu caused him to vanish. I say to you solemnly, Petrie," Smith concluded, "that those are but a few of the men who would reveal the Yellow plot, he shall die!"



"We have been followed here," I said to Smith when we reached my room. "Why did you not try to throw them off the track?"

"Useless, Petrie," Smith laughed. "Who ever we went Fu Manchu would find us. And tonight I am to go to sleep unsuspecting, he believes, and die as Sir Crichton Davey died."



Smith threw the scented envelope upon the table, and shook his clenched fists toward the window.

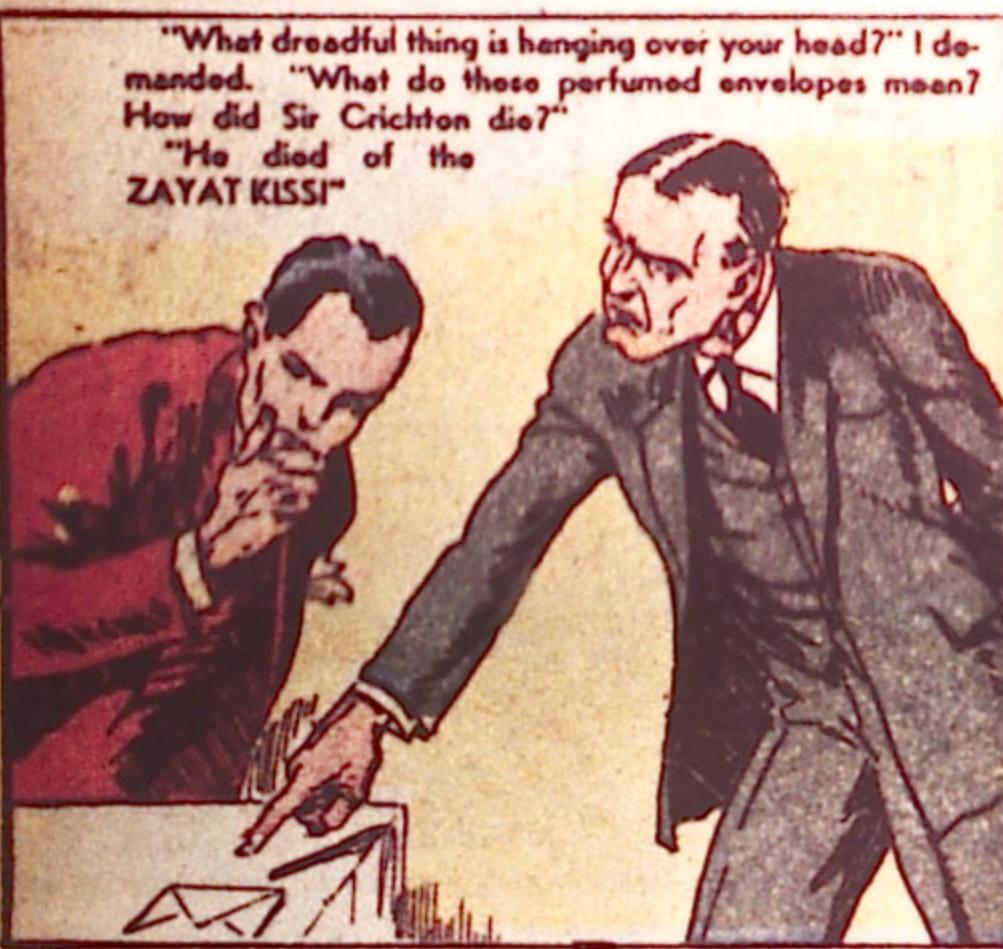
"The villain!" he cried. "The fiendishly clever villain! I was too late to save Sir Crichton. But Fu Manchu has blundered . . .



"He does not guess I know the deadly peril of the perfumed message he sent by that mysterious girl. But I should have had the meaning of the 'information' from your charming friend, even if she had not warned you."

"Who is this girl?"

"Fu Manchu's daughter, wife—or most probably his slave."



"What dreadful thing is hanging over your head?" I demanded. "What do these perfumed envelopes mean? How did Sir Crichton die?"

"He died of the ZAYAT KISS!"

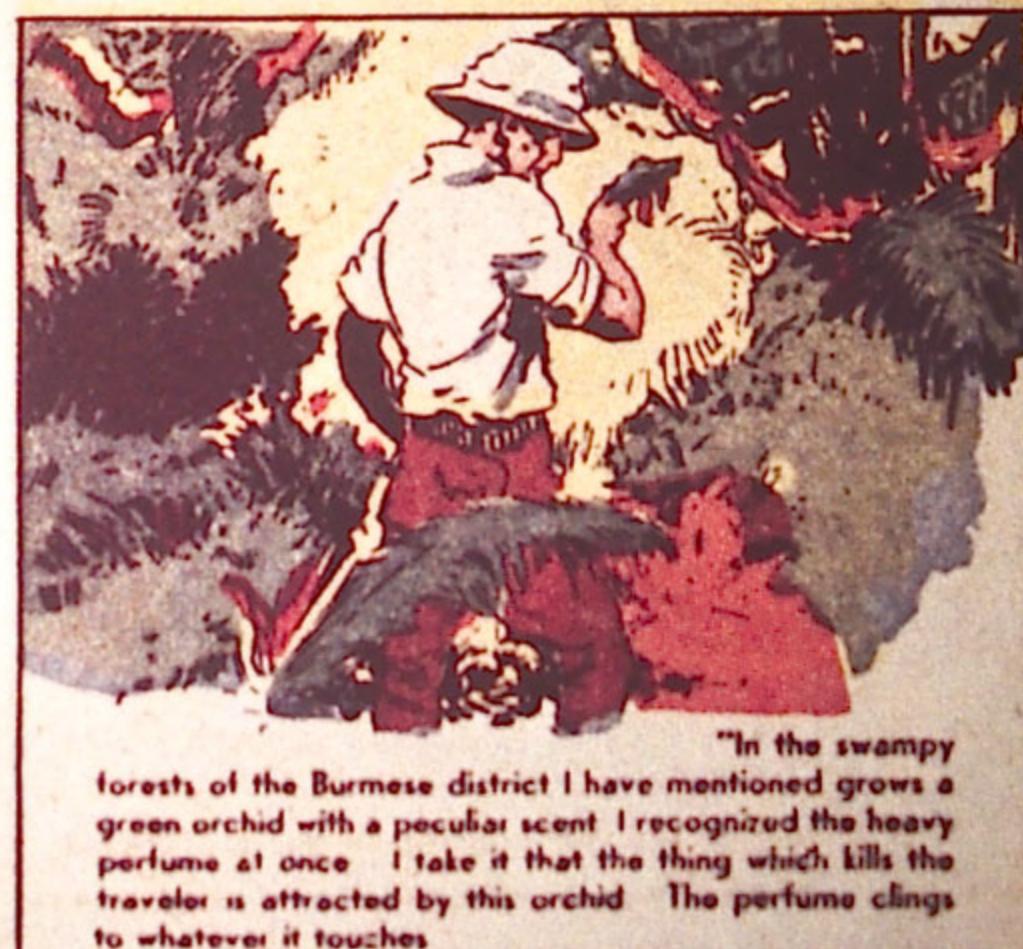


"Ask me what the Zayat Kiss may be," Nayland Smith went on, "and I reply 'I do not know.' The zayats are the Burmese caravanserais or rest-houses. In one of them on a certain route I set eyes on Fu Manchu for the first and last time. And in these rest-houses travelers sometimes die like Sir Crichton Davey, with nothing to show the cause except a little mark which has got the name of the Zayat Kiss . . .



"I have my theory, Petrie, and hope to prove it tonight—if I live. It will be one more broken weapon in Fu Manchu's devilish armory. I wanted to study the Zayat Kiss in operation, and I shall have the chance."

"But the scented envelopes?" I inquired.

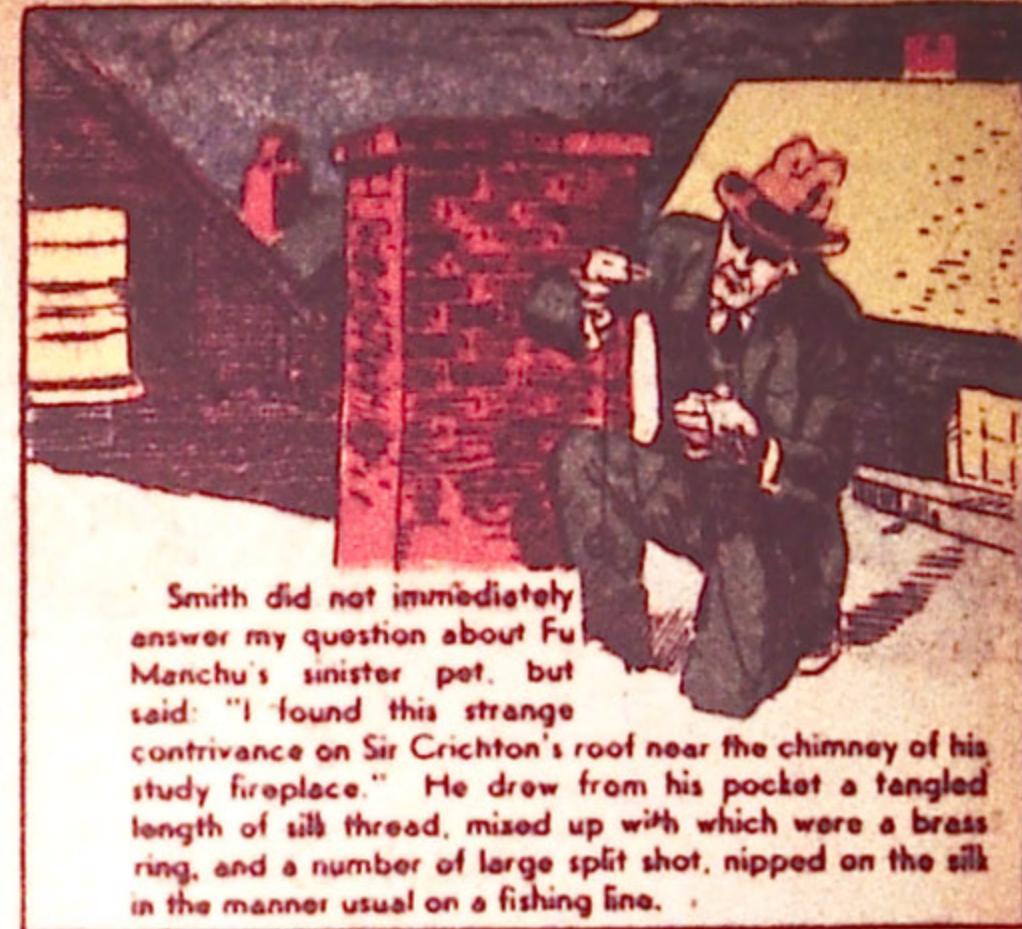


"In the swampy forests of the Burmese district I have mentioned grows a green orchid with a peculiar scent. I recognized the heavy perfume at once. I take it that the thing which kills the traveler is attracted by this orchid. The perfume clings to whatever it touches."



"Fu Manchu no doubt has a supply of the green orchids — probably to feed the creature."

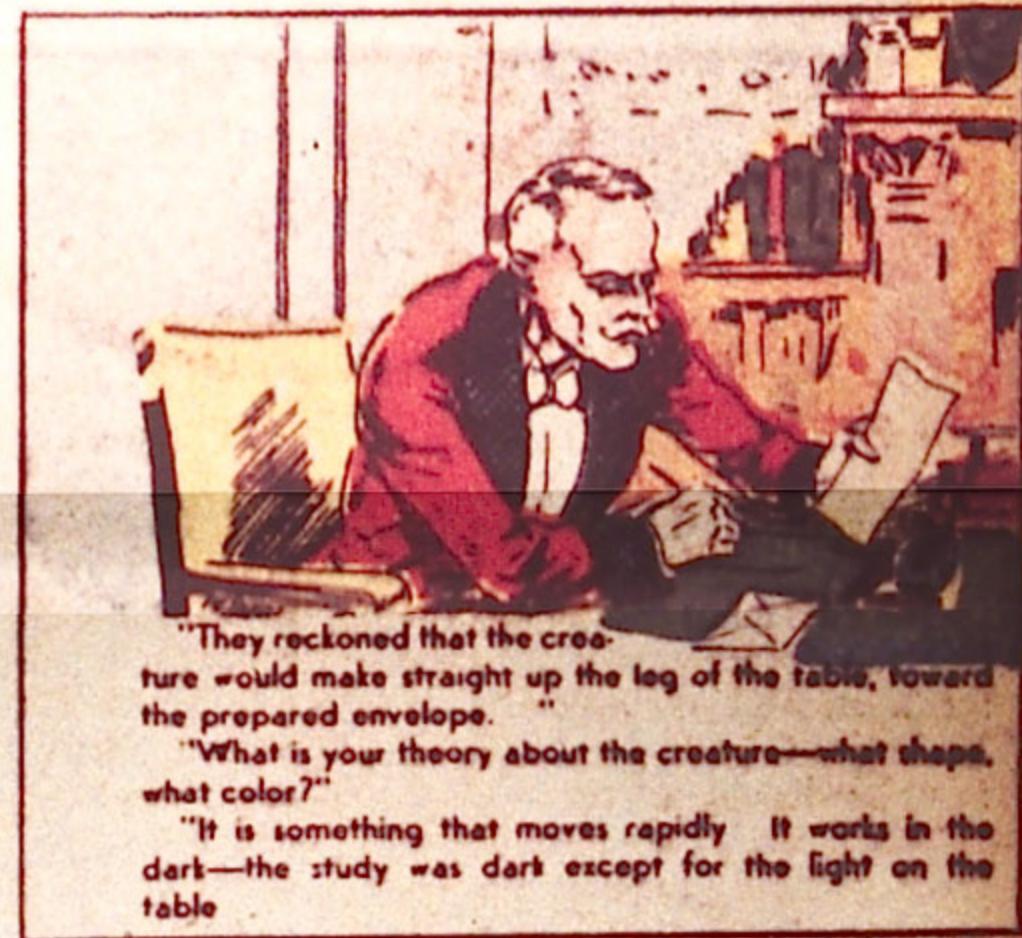
"What creature?"



Smith did not immediately answer my question about Fu Manchu's sinister pet, but said: "I found this strange contrivance on Sir Crichton's roof near the chimney of his study fireplace." He drew from his pocket a tangled length of silk thread, mixed up with which were a brass ring, and a number of large split shot, nipped on the silk in the manner usual on a fishing line.



"This explains how the thing got into Sir Crichton's study," Smith explained. "The shot were to weight the line and prevent the creature from clinging to the side of the chimney. When it had dropped in the grate, the weighted line was withdrawn, and the thing was held only by one single thread, which sufficed to draw it back when it had done its fatal work . . ."



"They reckoned that the creature would make straight up the leg of the table, toward the prepared envelope."

"What is your theory about the creature—what shape, what color?"

"It is something that moves rapidly. It works in the dark—the study was dark except for the light on the table."



"From the table-leg to the hand of Sir Crichton—which, having touched the envelope, was scented with the perfume—was a certain move for the creature."

"How horrible!"

"Sir Crichton saw the thing—leaped up—and received the ZAYAT KISS!"



"Let us make ostentatious preparations to retire, Petrie," Nayland Smith said coolly, "and I think we can rely on Fu Manchu's servants to attempt my removal—if not yours, also—by means of the ZAYAT KISS."

"But it's a climb of thirty-five feet to our windows!"

(To be continued)

# A DEAD CASE

By

Paul Dean

**D**ETECTIVE TED ROWAN, a brown fedora resting jauntily on the back of his head and a vague premonition running through his mind that he was about to receive some unpleasant assignment, strolled through the door leading to Captain Hammill's office in police headquarters.

"Well, well," boomed the red-faced captain, looking up from his desk, "if it isn't Smilin' Ted Rowan in person! Have a seat and a smoke for yourself, mister!"

This most unusual and hearty reception put Rowan on guard immediately. However, he accepted the captain's offer and helped himself to a cigar and then seated himself in a comfortable chair by the window.

"This is mighty white of you, Captain," the detective said, "but I feel like a lamb being fattened for the slaughter house! What's on that broad, expansive mind of yours that's troubling you this time?"

Captain Hammill smiled charmingly and disarmingly. "Why Ted, old boy, you sound a little annoyed. Have I ever done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"I wasn't particularly crazy about that last case you sent me on," Rowan replied, holding his nose with his fingers the better to describe his attitude. "A big jewel robbery is pulled off and we get a tip on the thieves' hideout which, unfortunately, happens to be located down near the city dumps; and I'm handed the pleasant task of shadowing the place . . . three weeks in a garbage heap! And then you ask me if you've ever done anything to hurt my feelings!"

"Now, now, that's all a thing of the past," the Captain murmured soothingly. "I had a very special reason for calling you in today. These last few weeks I've been receiving some very unusual reports from the city morgue!"

"The morgue? What's going on there?" Now Rowan was keenly puzzled.

"It seems that every so often someone breaks into the building and steals one or more of the bodies," Captain Hammill answered. "At first we blamed it on the college boys, they sometimes pull off these crazy things as part of an initiation but when we checked

up on them we found they hadn't been near the building at all!"

"I'm beginning to catch on, Chief," the detective growled. "This body-stealing business has all the earmarks of a first class mystery and so you're giving it to me on a silver-platter! First it's three weeks in the city dumps and now a few weeks vacation in the city morgue . . . very pleasant I must say!"

"This may turn out to be a big thing, Ted," the captain said, rising and walking over to the detective's side. "And I'm confident that if I put you on the trail you'll clear it up!"

Rowan smiled and stood up. "Your honeyed words have won me, Chief! When do I start this gleeful expedition?"

"Tonight," the captain replied, and added, "tonight and every night till the deep mystery is solved!"

**F**OR more than a week Detective Rowan kept a nightly vigil at the city morgue and still no attempts were made to steal any of the bodies. "This is more like a night-watchman's job," he would mutter to himself. "And I'm beginning to get pretty well fed up with it!"

And then one Tuesday, in the early hours of the morning, a shadowy figure of a man emerged from a dark sedan parked about fifty yards away from the rear entrance of the morgue. Stealthily he moved along the side of the building to one of the windows and taking from his pocket a metal instrument of some sort, pried open the window and noiselessly disappeared through it.

At that moment Rowan happened to pass the doorway on the far side of the long room and halted suddenly in his tracks as the figure of the trespasser was silhouetted in the window. The man melted into the gloom and the detective pressed himself against the wall, waiting for the next move.

A few seconds later the bright beam of a flashlight cut the darkness and played momentarily on the features of the bodies resting on the tables. It finally stopped on one and the man stood gazing



down on it. Then the light was turned off and Rowan had a glimpse of the stranger lifting the body to his shoulder. He made his way back to the window and with the body of the dead man in his arms, he clambered through the opening and disappeared from the detective's view.

"So the mysterious ghoul has finally paid us a visit!" exclaimed Rowan. "I'll trail him outside and see where he goes and what he does with his cheerful companions!"

Through the doorway leading to the street, the detective saw the robber-of-the-dead place his gruesome burden in the back of a sedan parked down the street and getting in on the other side, start the motor and silently move off. Quickly Rowan leaped into his coupe and throwing it into gear, followed the ghoul's car as it swung around a corner.

For the next half hour the detective trailed the machine ahead of him through the deserted city streets and out on a main highway through the suburbs, into the hilly countryside. Rowan remained a safe distance behind the other car to avoid arousing the thief's suspicions. Finally the stranger slowed down and made a right turn into a narrow dirt roadway. The detective turned off his lights and followed the tail-lights of the car in front of him, bouncing and swerving over the rocks and ruts.

Eventually the leading car came to a stop in front of what appeared to be a large, rambling farmhouse. Rowan switched off his motor and parked back of a thick hedge. The stranger got out of the sedan and with the body still in his arms entered the building. A light appeared a few moments later and

Rowan softly walked through the tall grass and weeds towards one of the windows.

**T**HE detective was visibly amazed at what he beheld. The room within was filled with all the paraphernalia one would be apt to find in the most modern chemical research laboratory, only that here everything appeared to be on a much larger scale. Massive test-tubes and glass globes filled with multi-colored liquids crowded the center of the room and the walls were lined with large cabinets that resembled, oddly enough, electric refrigerators.

But the detective's eyes were glued on the movements of the man who worked intensely at one of the many machines. He had an unruly mop of gray hair and a pointed van-dyke gave him the appearance of a dignified, middle aged scientist. Rowan was almost certain he had seen the man before but couldn't place where.

The man turned from the machine and placing the body of the dead man he had stolen from the morgue on a wheel-table, rolled it beneath two gleaming metal rods. Then standing to one side, he switched on an electric current and blue sparks of current leaped from one rod to another over the inanimate form on the table.

Beads of perspiration stood out on the gray-haired man's forehead as he adjusted the various controls that apparently needed his attention.

"This time it must work!" he muttered half-aloud. "This time I must bring back life . . . I can't fail!"

Rowan realized he was watching the doings of a madman and cautiously he circled the house and mounting the steps, threw open the door. The man wheeled about, terror stricken.

"No . . . no, you mustn't take me back . . . I can't leave yet!" he cried. He raced to a cabinet at the side and before the detective could prevent him, grasped a test-tube in his hand and threw it on the floor. Flames and acid fumes enveloped the room and Rowan caught the elderly man as he fainted. Swiftly, he dragged the unconscious man from the inferno out into the cool, night air.

"Ted, old boy, you did a fine job!" Captain Hammill said, shaking Rowan's hand. "I offer you my congratulations! Not only did you clear up the mystery of the morgue but you also succeeded in finding Professor Huntley who had been missing from the University for over a month. Overwork and strain caused his pitiful condition but thanks to you he'll recover and be his normal self in a few week's time!"

"Think nothing of it, Chief," the detective replied. "Only next time see if you can assign me to a case on a steamship, preferably one that's going to Bermuda . . . I'm badly in need of a vacation!"

THE END



# Bruce Nelson and the Coolie Smugglers



BRUCE NELSON AND UNGI, HIS ZULU COMPANION, HAVE LOCATED THE LAIR OF THE COOLIE SMUGGLERS. THEY ATTEMPT TO STEAL THEIR TWO PLANES. JUST AS NELSON IS ABOUT TO SPIN THE PROPELLER, A GUN IS JAMMED IN TO HIS RIBS.



WHAT IN BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA' DO?



NELSON WHIRLED LIKE A FLASH. HIS FIST CRASHED HOME IN THE SPEAKER'S FACE.

THE SMUGGLER CRASHED TO THE GROUND. HIS GUN FELL BESIDE HIM. HE SEIZED IT AND SHOT FROM A PRONE POSITION.

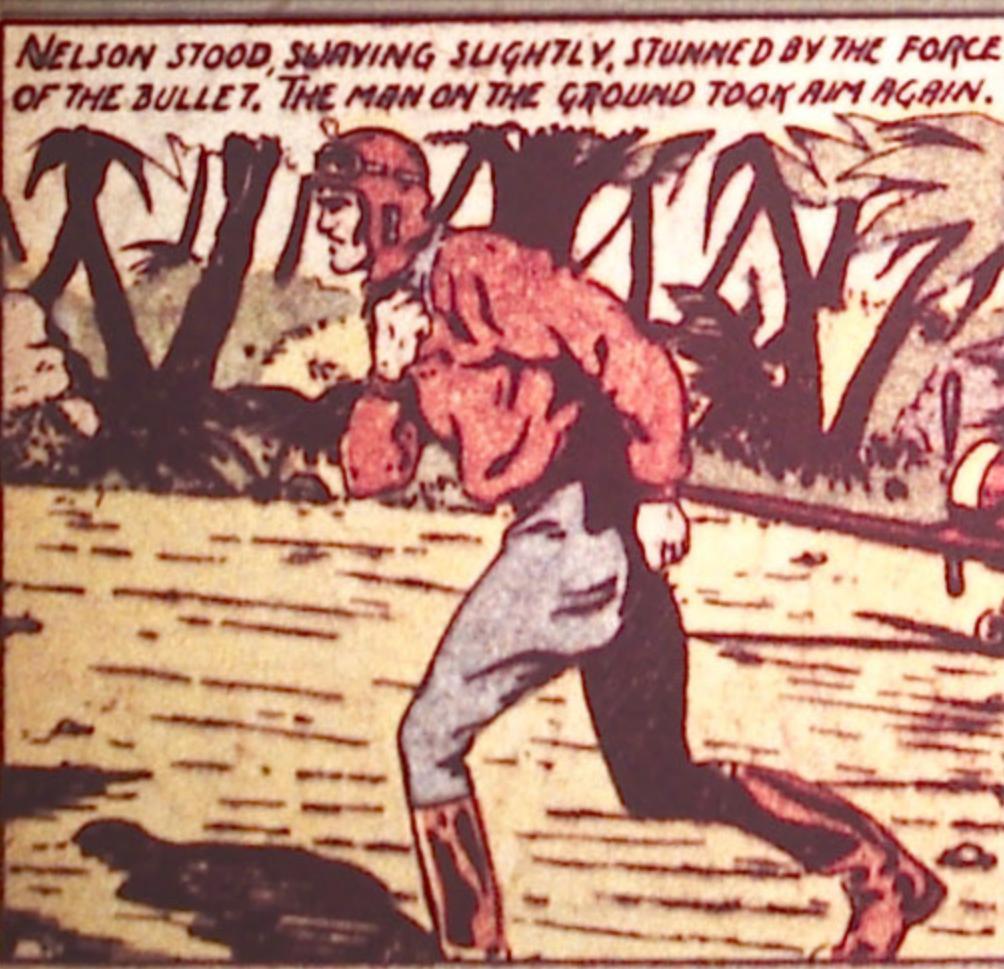


THE BULLET FELT LIKE A HOT COAL AS IT PLUNGED INTO NELSON'S SHOULDER.

SIMULTANEOUSLY THE MOTOR OF UNGI'S PLANE SPUTTERED THEN ROARED TO LIFE. STARTLED YELLS CAME FROM A LARGE GROUP OF COOLIES.



NELSON STOOD, SWAYING SLIGHTLY, STUNNED BY THE FORCE OF THE BULLET. THE MAN ON THE GROUND TOOK AIM AGAIN.

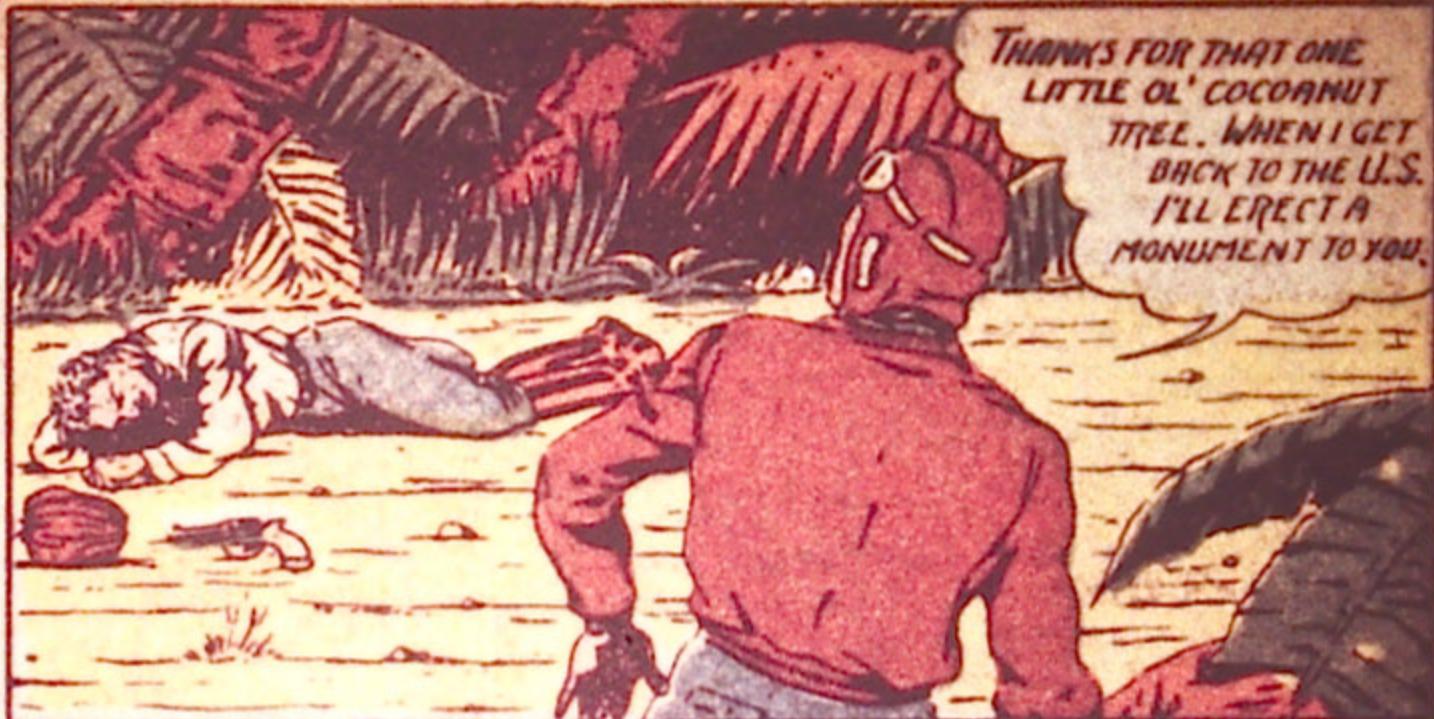


AT THIS TIME FATE DECIDED TO TAKE A HAND. A LARGE COCONUT FELL FROM A CLUSTER HIGH IN A COCONUT PALM.



by  
Tom Cicely

-AND LANDED WITH A SICKENING CRACK ON THE SKULL OF THE MAN WITH THE GUN, KNOCKING HIM COLD.



THERE WAS NO TIME NOW TO START THE OTHER PLANE. NELSON RAN TOWARD THE ROARING BOURGET. AS HE LEAPED INTO THE REAR COCKPIT UNGI SHOVED THE THROTTLE WIDE.



BEHIND THEM THE RED MONO-PLANE STREAKED DOWN THE RUNWAY AND HURLED INTO THE AIR.



ABRUPTLY NELSON THREW THE BOURGET INTO A SCREAMING DIVE. LIKE A HAWK DIVING AFTER ITS PREY THE RED SHIP WAS RIGHT ON HIS TAIL.



MACHINE GUN BULLETS SPRAYED ALONG THE BOMBER'S WING.

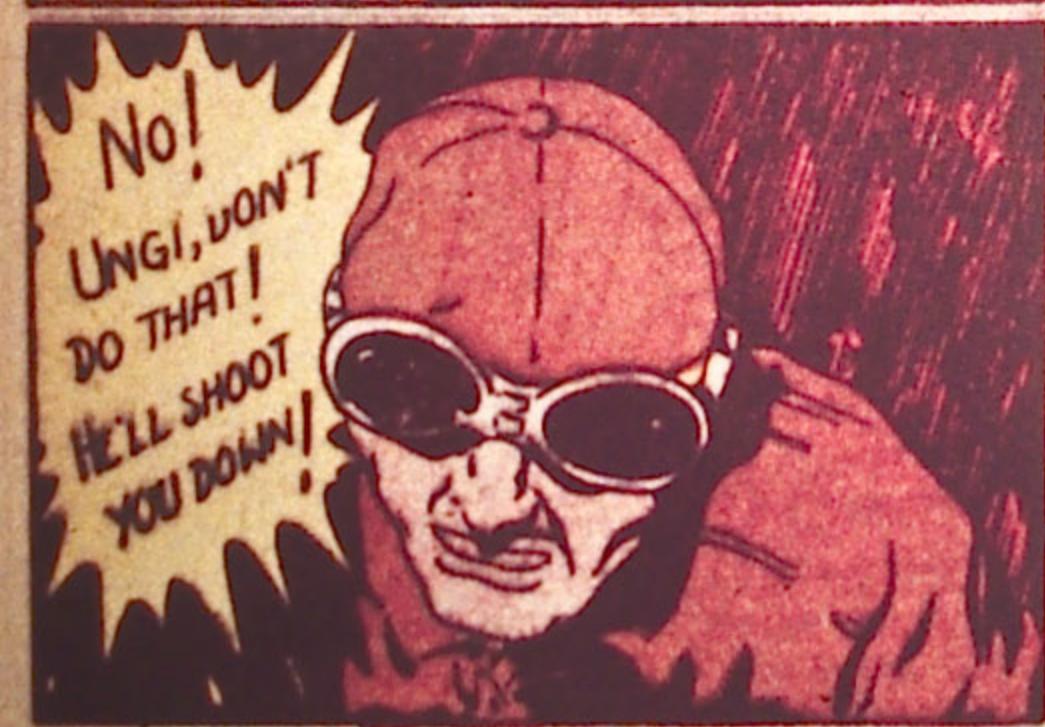
UNGI, HE'S OPENING FIRE ON US. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO USE A MACHINE GUN?



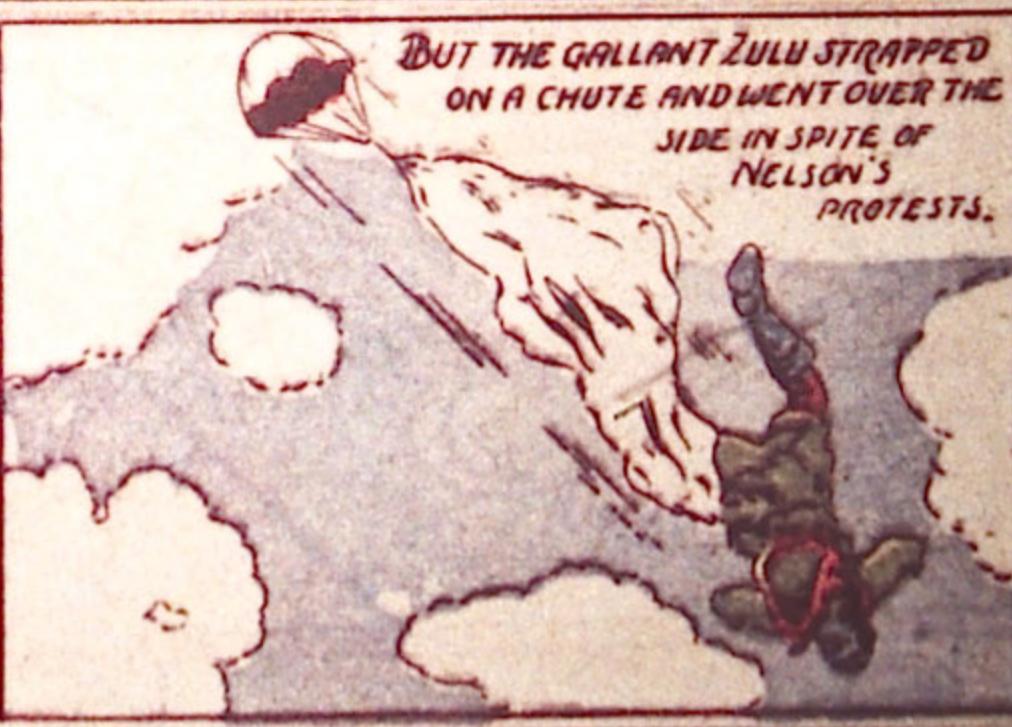
NO, ME DON'T KNOW FIRST THING ABOUT THEM. I GIVE OUT. MAKE SHIP LIGHTER. THEN YOU HAVE BETTER CHANCE IN DOG FIGHT. — GOOD LUCK MASSA BRUCE.



No!  
UNGI, DON'T  
DO THAT!  
HE'LL SHOOT  
YOU DOWN!



BUT THE GALLANT ZULU STRAPPED ON A CHUTE AND WENT OVER THE SIDE IN SPITE OF NELSON'S PROTESTS.



BY SOME EXPERT FLYING, NELSON KEPT THE ATTENTION OF THE RED SHIP FOCUSED ON HIM AND ALLOWED UNGI TO REACH THE GROUND SAFELY.



SEEING UNGI LAND SAFELY NELSON TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO THE SMUGGLERS SHIP. HIS STRENGTH WAS EBBING FAST. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD TO CLEAR THE COBWEBS. HIS LEFT ARM WAS ALMOST USELESS AND BLOOD TRICKLED DOWN HIS ARM AND OFF HIS FINGERS.



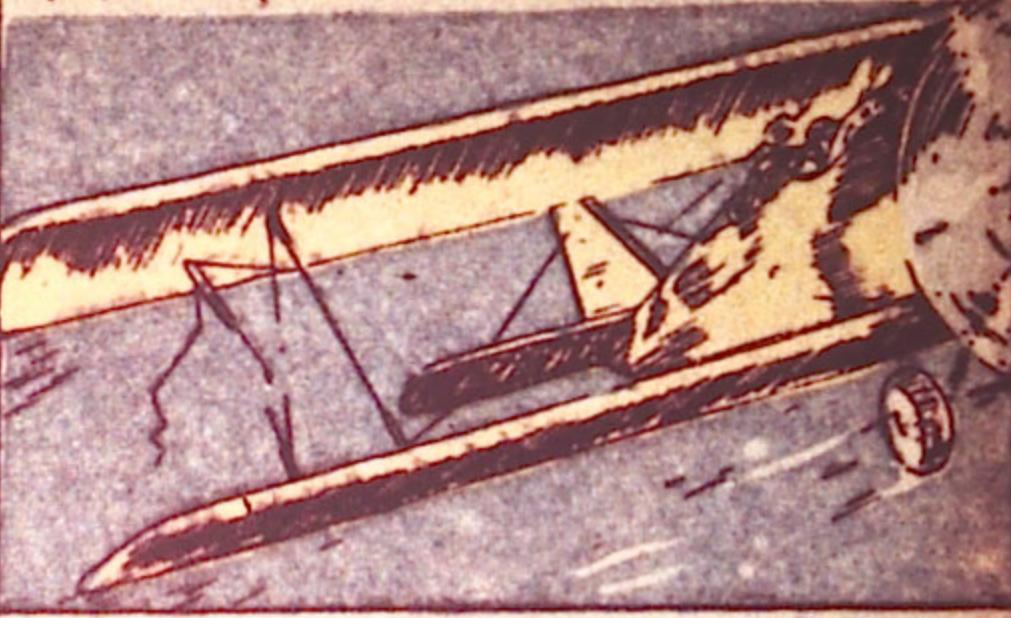
THE MACHINE GUN WAS SET AHEAD OF THE FRONT COCKPIT. IN ORDER TO REACH IT HE HAD TO CLIMB OUT ON THE WING. WITH NO GUIDING HAND ON THE CONTROLS THE SHIP WOBBLED DANGEROUSLY.



BULLETS FROM THE PURSUING PLANE WHIZZED ALL AROUND HIM BUT HE DROPPED SAFELY INTO THE FRONT COCKPIT.



A BURST OF LEAD CRESSED THE RIGHT WING. A STRUT DANGED ADROUPTLY IN TWO PIECES.



NELSON HALF-LOOED, AND LET THE RED SHIP GO THUNDERING BENEATH HIM.



THEN HE SWOOPED DOWN ON HIS ENEMY'S TAIL. HE GRIPPED THE STICK WITH HIS KNEES, PRESSED THE GUN AND BLASTED AWAY.



WILDLY THE RED MONOPLANE ROLLED CLEAR. NELSON COMING DOWN LIKE A PLUMMET, OVER SHOT.



AS HE HALF-LOOED TO THE RIGHT HE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE OTHER PLANE ROARING DIRECTLY AT HIM — SPITTING HOT LEAD.



NELSON WAS GROWING WEAKER FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. THE FIGHT COULDN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER. HE HAD TO STRIKE IMMEDIATELY OR HE'D BE SUNK.



IN DESPERATION HE DROVE THE DOURGET DIRECTLY AT THE SMUGGLER'S SHIP. HIS GUN WAS SPITTING VIOLENTLY.



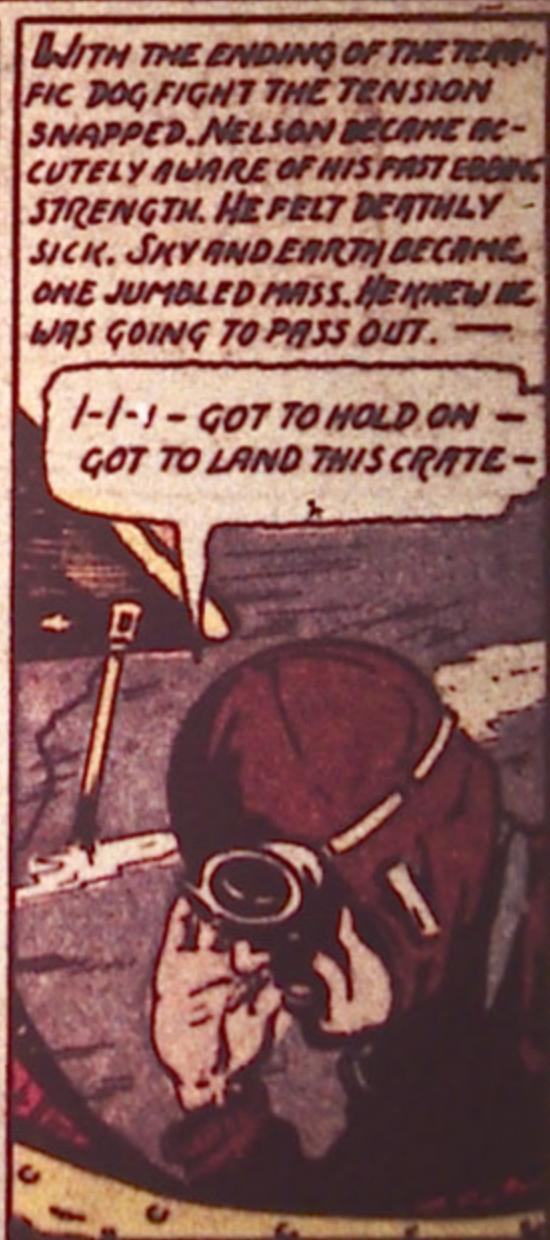
JUST WHEN IT SEEMED THEY MIGHT CRASH, NELSON FIRED ONE FINAL VOLLEY AND HURTLED UP OVER THE OTHER SHIP, JUST CLEARING IT.



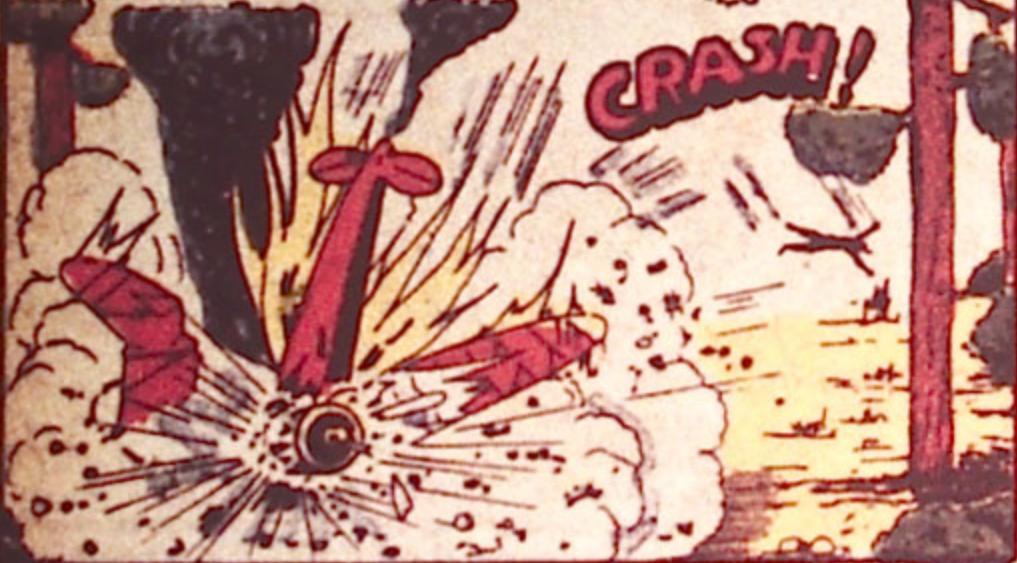
AS HE ZOOMED UPWARD, HE GLANCED BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE SAW THE RED SHIP CATASTROPHING EARTHWARD. FLAME BELCHING FROM ITS SIDES AND A PLUME OF BLACK SMOKE TRAILING IT LIKE A STREAMER.

WITH THE ENDING OF THE TERRIFIC DOG FIGHT THE TENSION SNAPPED. NELSON BECAME ACUTELY AWARE OF HIS PAST ERDING STRENGTH. HE FELT DEATHLY SICK. SKY AND EARTH BECAME ONE JUMPLED MASS. HE KNEW HE WAS GOING TO PASS OUT.

I-I-I - GOT TO HOLD ON - GOT TO LAND THIS CRATE -



AS THE BURNING MASS SCREAMED TO EARTH THE PILOT WAS THROWN CLEAR AND LANDED IN A BROKEN HEAP A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM HIS WRECKED PLANE.



NELSON BROUGHT HIS PLANE DOWN BY SHEER FLYING INSTINCT. AS HE FELT THE WHEELS JOLT THE GROUND THERE SEEMED TO BE A RED MIST ALL AROUND HIM. THE PLANE GROUNDED TO AN ERRATIC STOP - THEN ALL WENT BLACK.



WHEN UNCONSCIOUS, REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS HE WAS LYING ON THE GROUND. HIS SHOULDER HAD BEEN BANDAGED AND HIS HEAD WAS RESTING ON A KIAP SACK. THE YELLOW BOURGET TOWERED OVER HIM.



WHISPERS OF SMOKE STILL CURLED UPWARD FROM THE CHARRED WRECK. ANOTHER YELLOW BOURGET STOOD BEYOND THE TWISTED WRECKAGE.



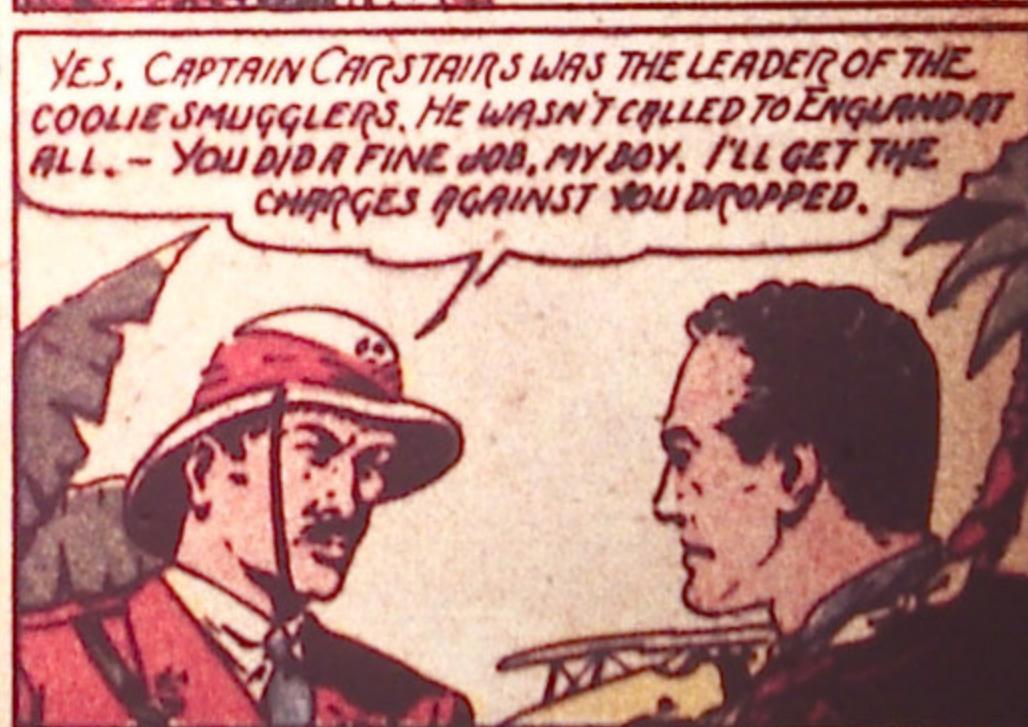
LEGI, COLONEL ROARK AND CARLOS DEL RIO STOOD LOOKING AT THE BODY OF THE DEAD SMUGGLER.



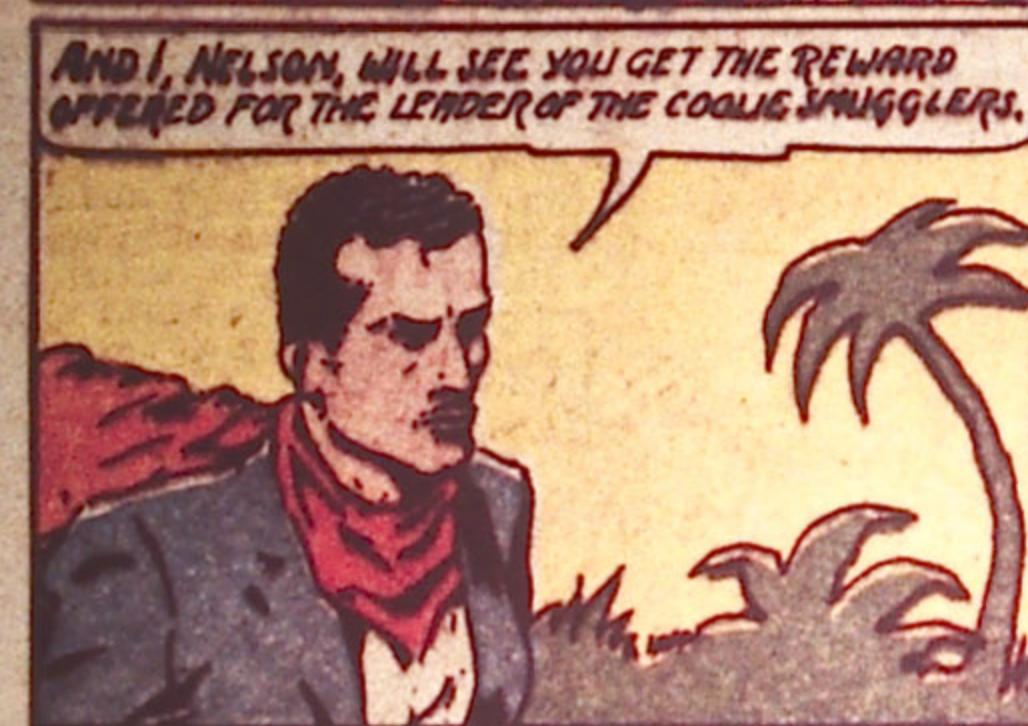
NELSON STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET AND STAGGERED OVER TO THE BODY OF HIS VICTIM. HE LOOKED DOWN -



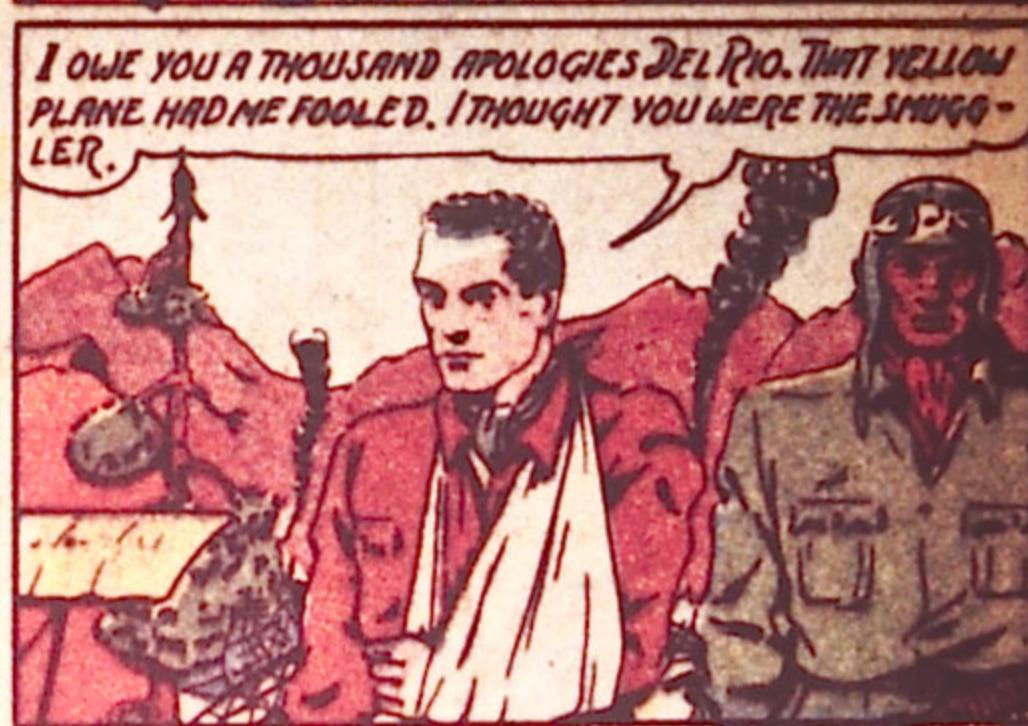
CAPTAIN  
CARSTAIRS



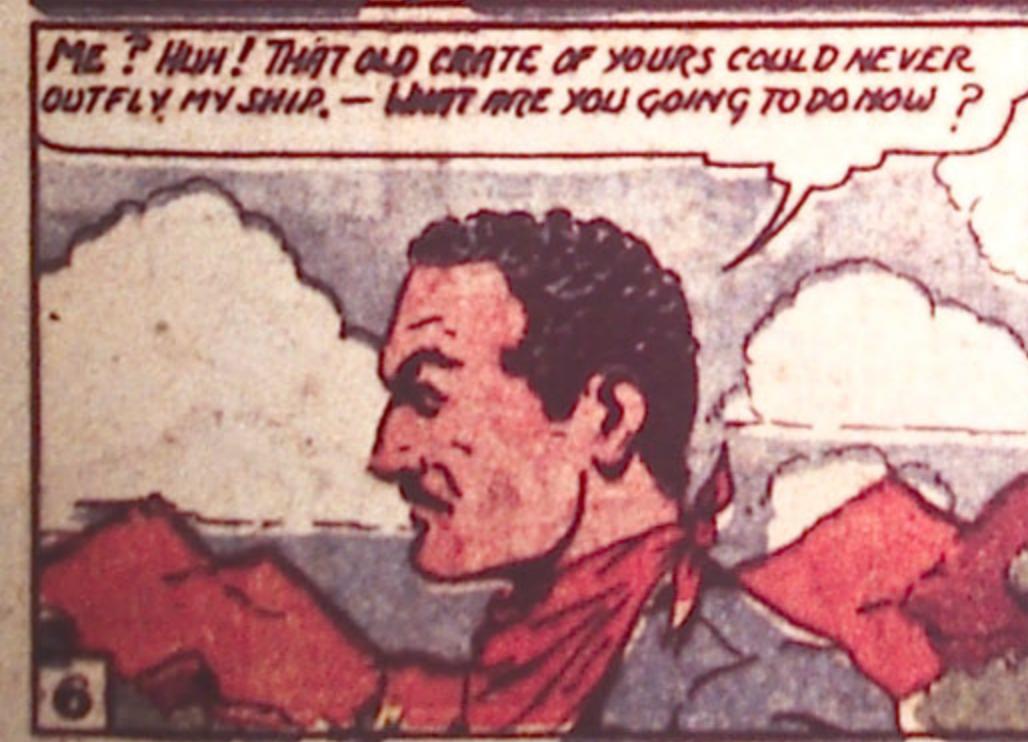
YES, CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS WAS THE LEADER OF THE COOLIE SMUGGLERS. HE WASN'T CALLED TO ENGLAND AT ALL. - YOU DID A FINE JOB, MY BOY. I'LL GET THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU DROPPED.



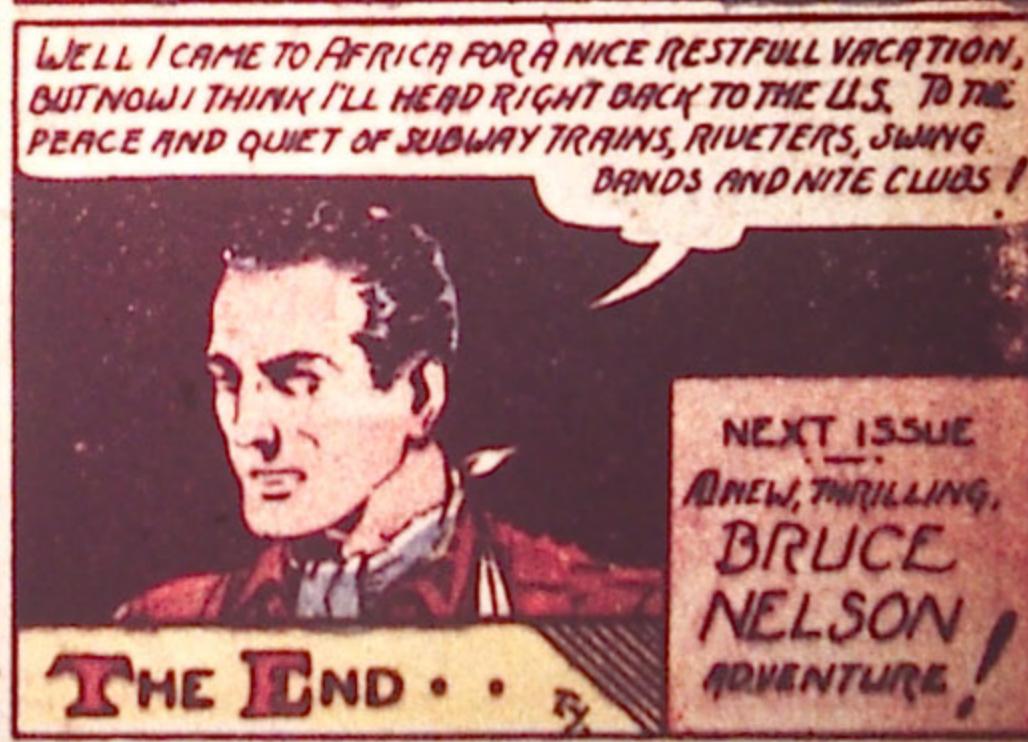
AND I, NELSON, WILL SEE YOU GET THE REWARD OFFERED FOR THE LEADER OF THE COOLIE SMUGGLERS.



I OWE YOU A THOUSAND APOLOGIES DEL RIO. THAT YELLOW PLANE HAD ME FOOLED. I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE SMUGGLER.



ME? HUH! THAT OLD CRATE OF YOURS COULD NEVER OUTFLY MY SHIP. - WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?



WELL I CAME TO AFRICA FOR A NICE RESTFUL VACATION, BUT NOW I THINK I'LL HEAD RIGHT BACK TO THE U.S. TO THE PEACE AND QUIET OF SUBWAY TRAINS, RIVETERS, SWING BANDS AND NITE CLUBS!

THE END . . .

NEXT ISSUE  
A NEW, THRILLING,  
BRUCE  
NELSON  
ADVENTURE!



# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

• • ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN • •

COSMO ENTERS THE SUMPTUOUS HACIENDA OF CARLO DI MILO.



THE GENIAL DON CARLO IS EVERYWHERE, GREETING NEW AND OLD FRIENDS.

SEÑOR DI MILO, WILL YOU FAVOR ME WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO THE YOUNG MAN WHO JUST ENTERED?

BUT CERTAINLY CAPITAN BARTLETT, EXCUSE ME AND I WILL BE BACK DIRECTLY.



THE HACIENDA IS CROWDED WITH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

WELCOME, COSMO MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, COME WITH ME, CAPITAN BARTLETT OF THE S S ALMOA HAS ASKED TO MEET YOU IF YOU DO NOT MIND.

PERHAPS HE IS RECRUITING PASSENGERS FOR HIS SHIP. LEAD ON, CARLO.



THEY REACH THE SEA CAPTAIN'S SIDE.

CAPITAN BARTLETT, MISTER COSMO.

THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE. YOU ARE THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, ARE YOU NOT?

AFRAID I'M GUILTY, CAPTAIN BARTLETT.



THE FIRST FORMALITIES OVER, CARLOS LEAVES THE TWO MEN TOGETHER.

MR COSMO, AS CAPTAIN OF THE RAD'LAR LINE THERE IS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS WITH YOU

IN PRIVATE, CAN IT BE ARRANGED?

WHY YES. WHEN AND WHERE SHALL WE MEET?



COME ABOARD SHIP AT TWO PM BUT PERHAPS IT'S BEST TO KEEP THE VISIT IN STRICT CONFIDENCE. WE WANT NO ONE TO SUSPECT THE NATURE OF THE CALL. THE SHIP IS UNDOUBTEDLY BEING WATCHED.

NO ONE WILL GUESS I'LL BE THERE TOMORROW, CAPTAIN



NEXT DAY: COSMO DRESSED AS A PLANTATION OWNER BOARDS THE SHIP TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT WITH THE CAPTAIN.



VERY CLEVER INDEED, COSMO, I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU AT FIRST. SO GLAD YOU CAME, THO.



HA, HA -- CAPTAIN BARTLETT, MAKE SURE IT'S ME FIRST. THEN, DOWN TO BUSINESS.

WE SAIL TOMORROW WITH A BIG GOLD SHIPMENT. I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT ROBBERY BUT I HAVE NO IDEA HOW OR WHEN THE ATTACK WILL BE MADE. WOULD YOU UNDERTAKE TO HELP PREVENT SUCH AN OCCURRANCE?



WHERE DOES THE GOLD COME FROM?

THE BANK OF CARACAS.



VERY WELL, I'LL LOOK ABOUT A BIT. TOMORROW I'LL TAKE PASSEGE WITH YOU, BUT I WANT A'SECLUDED STATE ROOM.

COSMO GOES TO THE BANK OF CARACAS. IN AN ASSUMED NAME HE OPENS AN ACCOUNT, ASKING MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE INSTITUTION.



SI, I'M SENOR FELIPE EMANUEL CARDOZA

JUST BEFORE SAILING TIME, COSMO IN DISGUISE WALKS UP THE GANGPLANK.



HE IS SHOWN TO A SIMPLE BUT ACCESSIBLE STATE ROOM.



ANYTHING ELSE, SIR? THANKS, THAT WILL BE ALL. I'LL RING IF I NEED YOU.

SECURING THE CAPTAIN'S PERMISSION COSMO GOES THRU THE DIFFERENT COMPARTMENTS OF THE SHIP, NOTING CAREFULLY WHAT HE SEES.

AND THESE ENGINES? THEY ARE MOTORS FOR WHAT?



- YES SIR THOSE ARE THE GENERATORS FOR THE STEERING APPARATUS

COSMO GOES UP ON DECK, OBSERVING EACH INDIVIDUAL CLOSELY. A HOWLING WIND HAS SPRUNG UP.



HUGE WAVES DASH OVER THE VESSEL'S DECKS.



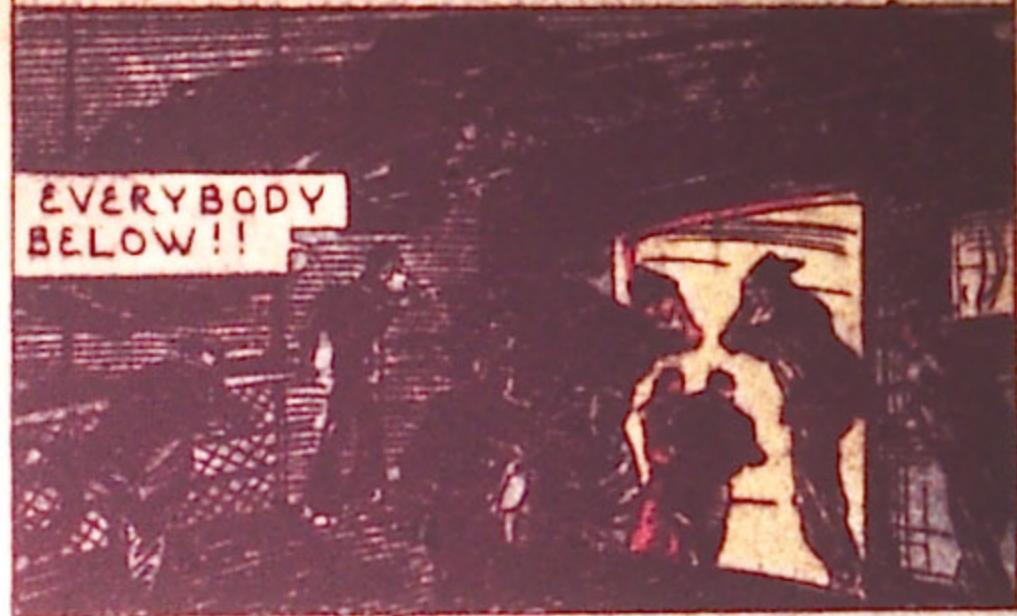
THE STEWARDS HURRY ABOUT, BRINGING TEMPORARY LIGHTS AND REASSURING THE PASSENGERS.



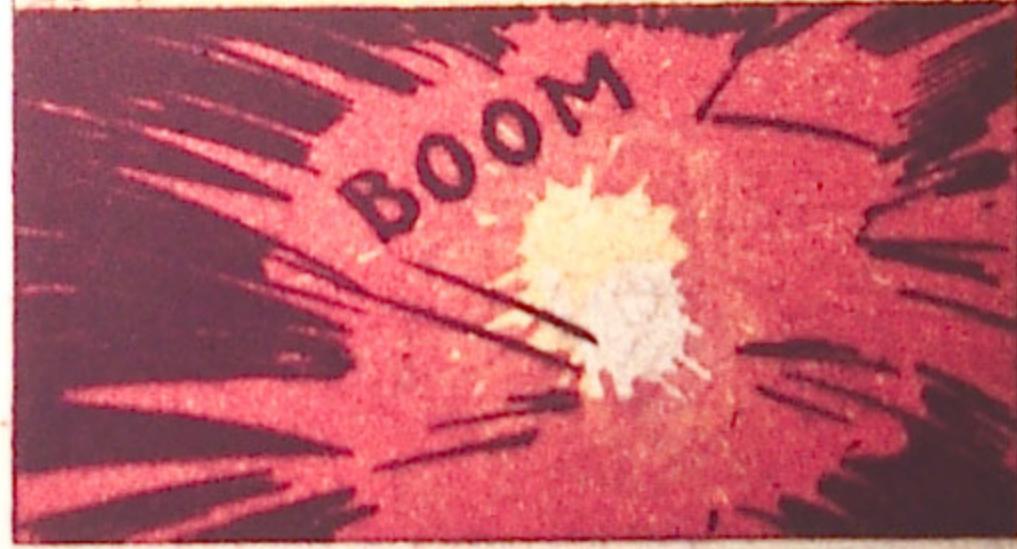
GRIMY ELECTRICIANS TOIL FEVERISHLY TO LOCATE THE TROUBLE.



THE WIND BECOMES CYCLONIC; EVERY ONE IS ORDERED BELOW.



SUDDENLY THERE IS AN EXPLOSIVE SOUND FROM INSIDE THE SHIP. OBJECTS CLATTER TO THE FLOOR - THEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT.



COSMO, FLASHLIGHT IN HAND HURRIES DOWN INTO THE ENGINE ROOM.



ON THE BRIDGE THE CAPTAIN DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO STEER THE LIGHTLESS SHIP THRU THE HEAVY SEAS.



THE CAPTAIN CALLS THE ENGINE ROOM.

ERICSON! HAVE YOU FOUND THE TROUBLE YET?

NO, SIR. WE REPAIRED A BROKEN GEAR, BUT THERE IS MORE WRONG

OPERATOR! SEND OUT AN S.O.S. - GIVE APPROXIMATE POSITION 13° LAT. 64° LONG. WE'LL BURN FLARES TO ATTRACT ANY SHIPS AND GUIDE THEM TO OUR SIDE

I HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT SIR. THE SET IS GETTING WEAKER

THE FLOUNDERING VESSEL IS DRIFTING HELPLESSLY TOWARD THE HEADLAND AND DESTRUCTION.



THE PASSENGERS ARE IN A PANIC.

MY GOD! WE'RE TORPEDOED!

WE'RE SINKING!

IT'S A SUB!

QUICK! THE LIFE BOATS! THE SHIP'S EXPLODED. LET ME OUT!

SUDDENLY THERE IS THE RAT-TA-TA- OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS ON THE DECK. COSMO RUSHES UP THE COMPANIONWAY.



IN THE BRILLIANCE OF A LIGHTNING FLASH, COSMO SEES THE DARK OUTLINE OF AN AEROPLANE.



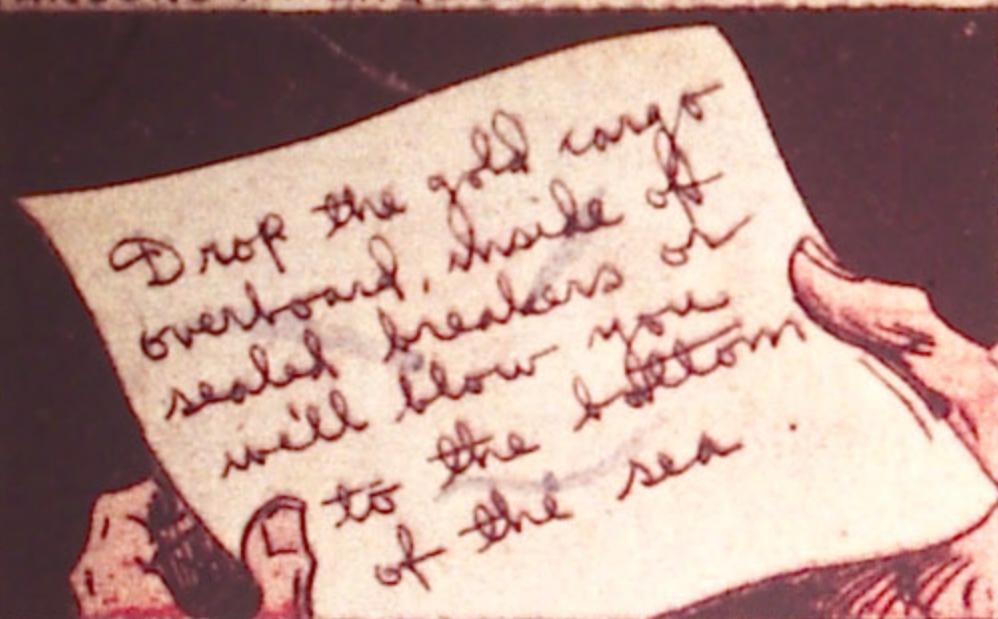
IT CIRCLES BACK AND DROPS SOMETHING TO THE DECK.



COSMO SNATCHES IT UP AND DASHES BEHIND COVER, OPENING IT AS HE GOES.



IT IS A WEIGHT WITH A NOTE WRAPPED AROUND IT. EAGERLY HE READS.



COSMO RUNS TO THE BRIDGE AND CONSULTS WITH THE CAPTAIN.

THE BANDITS THEN HAVE CONFEDERATES ABOARD THIS SHIP

AH! THAT EXPLAINS IT, THIS WRECKED LIGHTING SYSTEM WAS DELIBERATELY PLANNED.

ANOTHER CHARGE OF BULLETS HIT THE DECK.

THESE BANDITS MEAN BUSINESS, WE'D BETTER COMPLY. I MUST SAVE THE SHIP AND THE PASSENGERS.



QUICKLY BY THE LIGHT OF A FLARE THE BREAKERS ARE DROPPED OVERBOARD.

I HOPE WE WILL BE RELIEVED OF THOSE VULTURES WITH THIS.



IF WE DON'T GET AID SOON ALL OUR FLARES WILL BE USED UP AND THE LORD ONLY KNOWS WHERE WE ARE DRIFTING.



AT LAST A MESSAGE COMES THRU.

THERE IS A SHIP TO OUR STAR BOARD SIDE, SIR, SAYS SHE SEES OUR FLARES.

THANK GOD!



THE RESCUE SHIP ARRIVES. AFTER HERCULEAN EFFORTS A CABLE IS MADE FAST AND THE HELPLESS SHIP IS TAKEN IN TOW.



BACK IN PORT COSMO JUMPS INTO A CAB.

AS FAST AS YOU CAN, TO THE FLYING FIELD!

RIGHT, SIR!



AT THE FIELD HE CHARTERS A PLANE  
AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE CAR-  
IBBEAN SEA.



COSMO CIRCLES BACK CAUTIOUSLY, LAND-  
ING ON A NARROW STRIP OF REEF LAND.  
TAXIING THE PLANE INTO HIDING HE  
SCANS THE SEA WITH HIS GLASSES.



THEN OVER HIM, UNAWARE OF HIS PRE-  
SENCE, COSMO WATCHES THE PLANE.  
IT LANDS ON THE CRATER OF A DEAD  
VOLCANO. CAREFULLY COSMO TAKES  
THE BEARINGS AND THEN FLIES BACK  
TO THE AIR DROME.



FLYING OVER THE BANDITS HIDEOUT  
NOTES ARE DROPPED STATING THAT ANY  
ONE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE WILL BE  
IMMEDIATELY MACHINE GUNNED.  
COSMO'S PLANE LANDS.



HA! WHAT'S THAT  
OUT THERE?  
LOOKS LIKE A PLANE  
RESTING BESIDE A  
FISHING SMACK.  
SOMETHING IS BEING  
TRANSFERRED!



A HYDROPLANE RISES FROM THE SEA  
AND FLIES DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM.



HURRIEDLY HE ENLISTS THE HELP  
OF THE AVIATION CORPS STATIONED  
THERE.

COMMANDER GOMEZ,  
I NEED YOUR HELP.  
A BAND OF AIR-PI-  
RATES HAVE LOOTED  
S.S. ALMOA AND LAND-  
ED ON A CRATER IS-  
LAND JUST NORTH-  
EAST OF  
HERE.



YES! YES! WE  
TOO ARE LOOK-  
ING FOR THEM.  
COME, A SQUAD-  
RON WILL BE  
READY IN A MO-  
MENT. I TOO  
WILL GO ALONG.

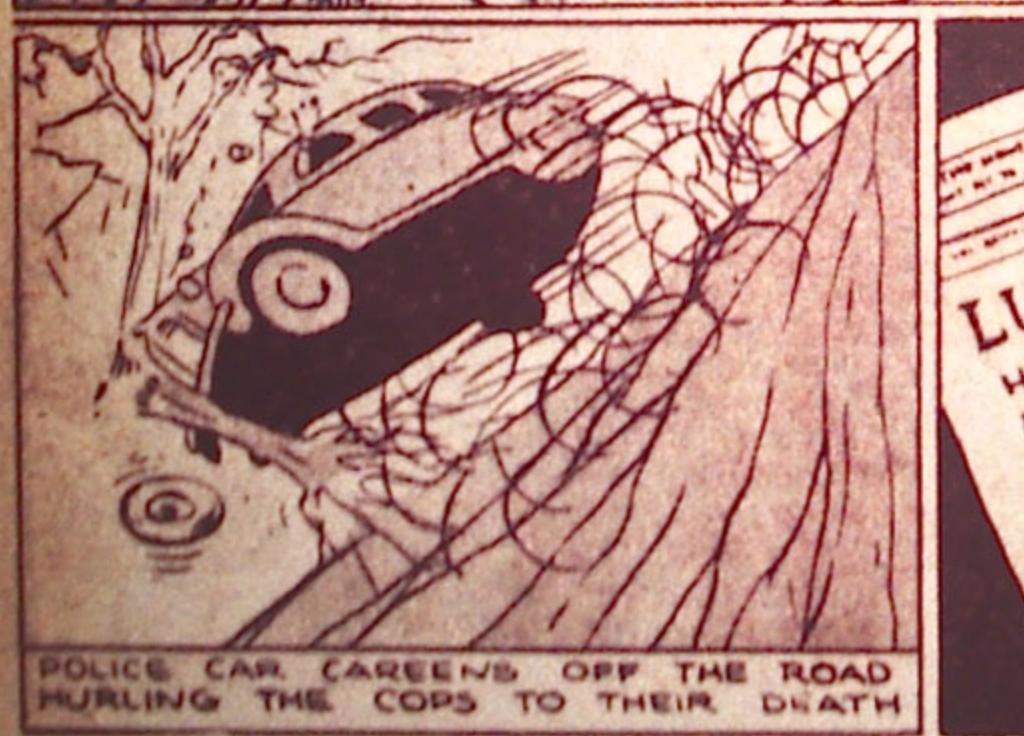
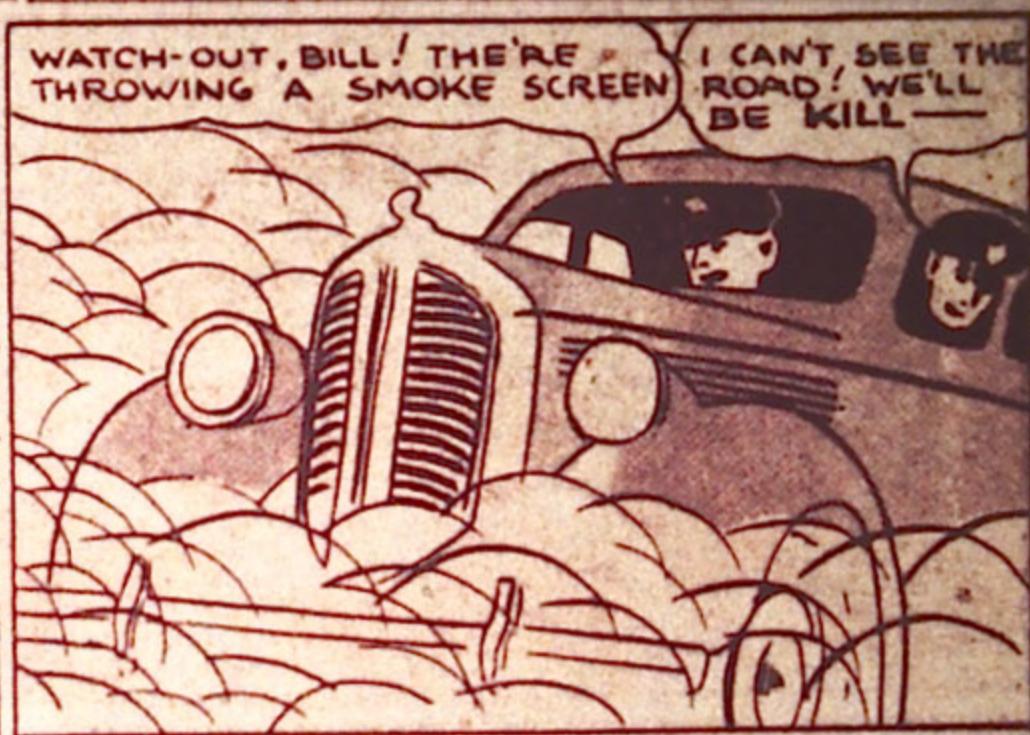
THE BANDITS ARE SOON CORRALLED.

WELL, THERE IS A PRETTY  
MESS OF THEM, ISN'T IT.  
YOU'VE RENDERED A  
BRILLIANT PIECE OF  
WORK BY THIS CAP-  
TURE, COSMO. MY  
COUNTRY WILL BE  
GRATEFUL.



... AM HAPPY  
TO HAVE BEEN  
ABLE TO HELP.  
ALL THE GOLD  
FROM THE  
S.S. ALMOA  
OF THE  
RADLAR  
LINE IS  
HERE.

# STEVE MALONE DISTRICT ATTORNEY



POLICE CAR CAREENS OFF THE ROAD HURLING THE COPS TO THEIR DEATH

TELL THE CHIEF TO USE EVERY AVAILABLE MAN IN TRACKING DOWN FERRINI AND I'M OFFERING \$100. TO THE MAN WHO GETS ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING FERRINI'S HIDEOUT

OKAY, STEVE - BY THE WAY, YOU HAD A VISITOR THIS MORNING CALLED HIMSELF 'BIG JIM'

NOT 'BIG JIM', THE RUSSIAN. I ONCE HAD TO BEG A JUDGE TO FORGIVE JIM FOR TAKING APART A RIVER-FRONT DIVE - THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE SPOKE ETERNAL GRATITUDE

MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE WAS HERE TO-DAY! PERHAPS HE THINKS HE CAN HELP YOU IN THE FERRINI CASE

BY HARRY, I THINK YOUR RIGHT! ANYWAY I'M GOING TO PLAY THAT HUNCH. GET THE CHIEF AGAIN. TELL HIM TO SPREAD THE ALARM THAT I WANT BIG JIM.

CALLING ALL CARS BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR BIG JIM. HE'S SIX FEET SIX AND BUILT LIKE A TRUCK. IF YOU FIND HIM TELL HIM STEVE MALONE WANTS HIM. THAT IS ALL.

ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO OFFER THE INSULT TO BIG JIM?

BETTER GRAB YOUR NIGHT-STICK, BILL. I THINK WE HAVE A LITTLE WORK INSIDE

IT SOUNDS LIKE A DESCRIPTION OF THAT GAY RUSSIAN THAT WAS JUST BROADCAST

SO IT IS THAT YOU ARE A FRIEND OF STEVE MALONE, VAL, WHEN STEVE WANTS ME I GO

THE POLICE RETURN WITH THEIR QUARRY

SO, IT MINE OLD FRIEND STEVE!

THAT'S RIGHT, JIM AND I SEE THAT YOU ARE UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN!



WELL, WHEN I COME TO SEE YOU DIS MORNIN AN YOU AIN'T HERE - ZOOM, I'M OFF ON ZE - HOW YOU SAY IT - TEAR AGAIN!

WELL, WELL DISCUSS YOUR CONDUCT LATER' WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE THIS MORNING?



JIM, I ZINK I CAN HALP YOU FIND ZIS FERRINI!

WHAT, FERRINI?



VUNCE I OVERHEAR A FELLOW TALKING TO HIS GIRL FREN AND HE'S TELLING HER WHAT A SWELL HIDEOUT HAS HIS BOSS, FERRINI - AND WHERE IT IS - SO WHEN I READ ABOUT THIS FELLA I COME HERE

BOY, IS THIS A BREAK! JEANNE, CALL A CAR. JIM AND I HAVE WORK TO DO



MEANWHILE THE SHADES OF NIGHT SHIELD ANOTHER CAR AS IT PICKS ITS WAY ALONG A DESOLATE COUNTRY ROAD

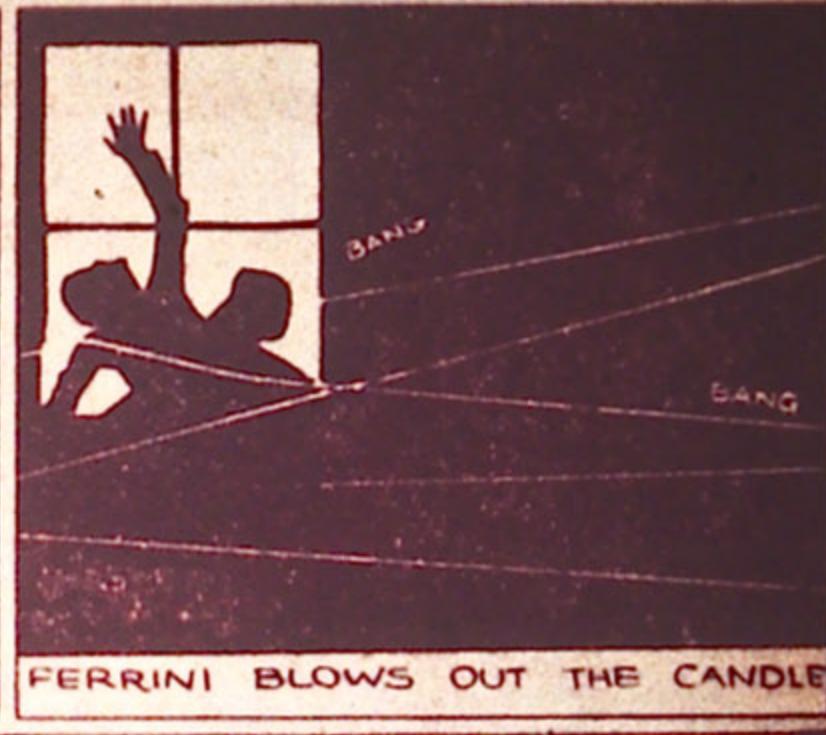


BUT, LUIGI, WHY DIDN'T WE COME RIGHT OUT HERE YESTERDAY INSTEAD OF TURNING AROUND AND HIDING IN THE CITY?

LISTEN, YA PUNK, IF WE DIDN'T TURN BACK AFTER WE BUMPED OFF DOSE COPPERS WE'D BE PICKED UP FER SURE. HERES DA JOINT - NOW REMEMBER, YOU PUNKS, NO LIGHTS



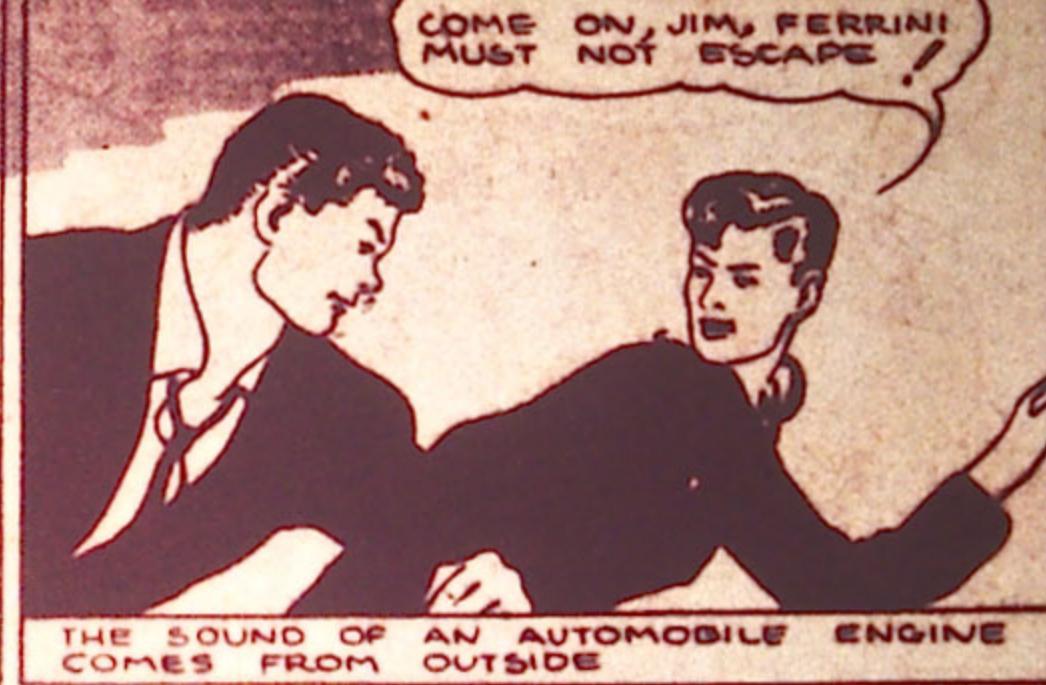
LUIGI - FERRINI'S HIDEOUT



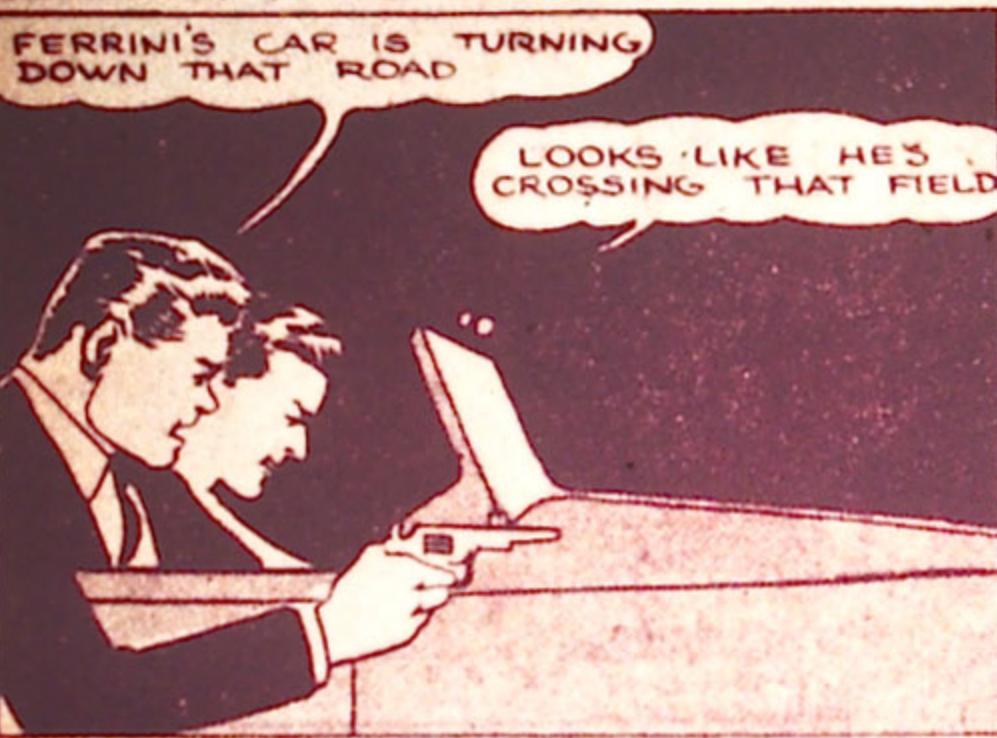
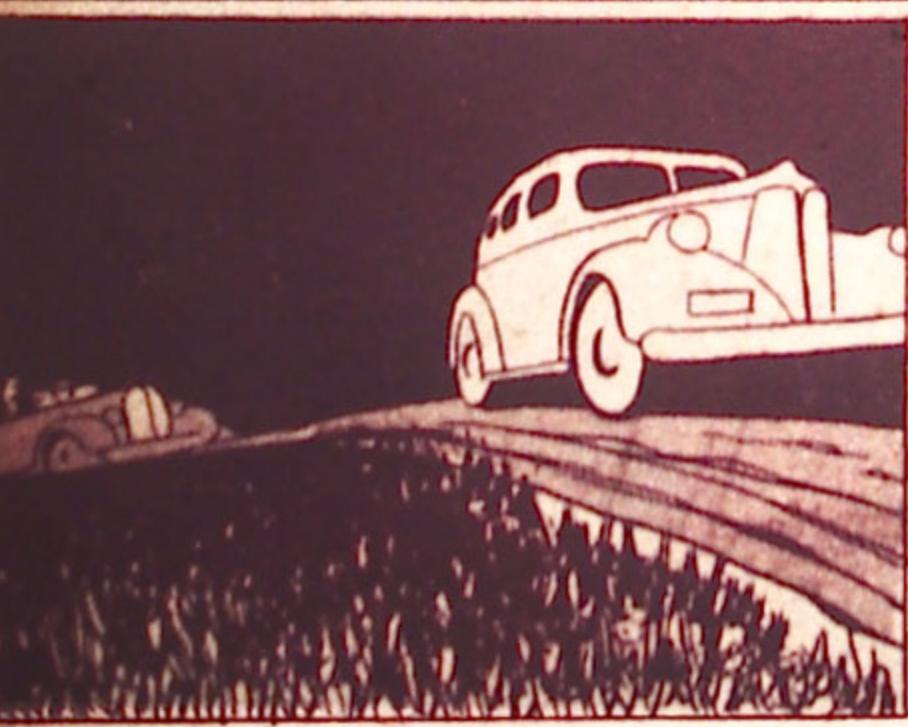
WAIT A MINUTE ---  
FARRINI'S MISSING!



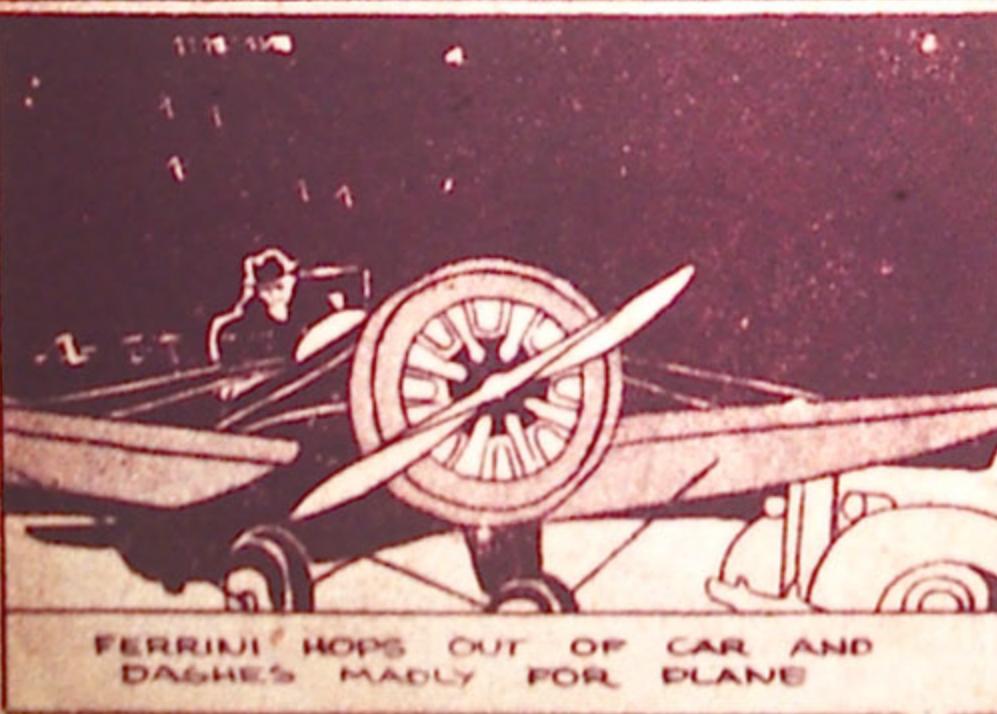
COME ON, JIM, FERRINI  
MUST NOT ESCAPE!

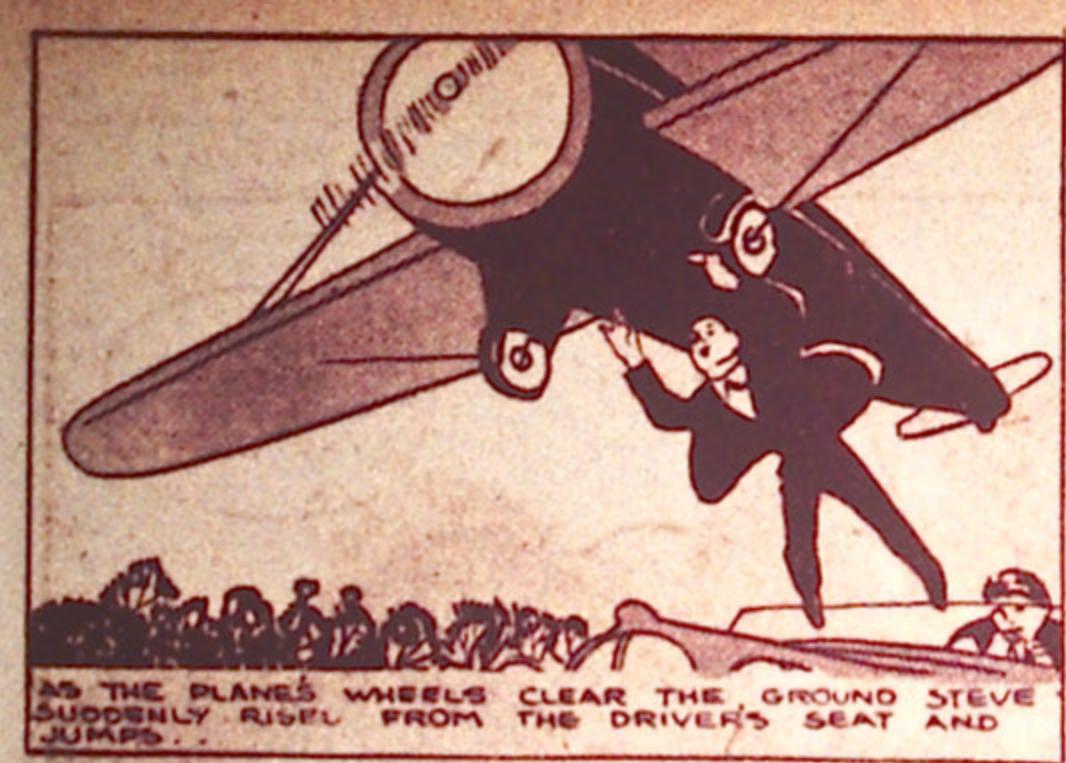


THE SOUND OF AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE  
COMES FROM OUTSIDE

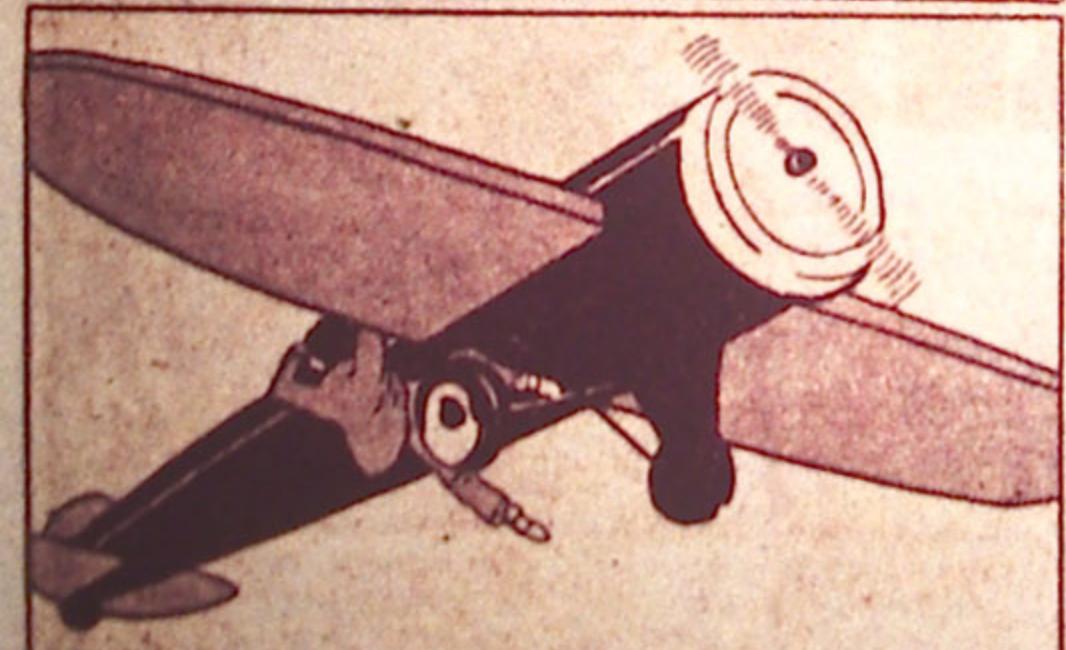


FERRINI HOPS OUT OF CAR AND DASHES MADLY FOR PLANE





AS THE PLANE'S WHEELS CLEAR THE GROUND STEVE SUDDENLY RISES FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND JUMPS.



STEVE EXERTS HIMSELF TO THE UTMOST, CLINGING AND CLIMBING OVER THE SPEEDING PLANE.



AND CLEARS THE FUSILAGE AND JUMPS ON FERRINI



AS THE TWO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES THE PLANE SHOOTS DOWNWARD IN DIZZY SPIRALS



WITHIN 200 FEET OF THE GROUND STEVE OVERPOWERS FERRINI AND RIGHTS THE PLANE

ONCE AGAIN THIS CITY IS INDEBTED TO YOU, STEVE FOR EXTERMINATING THESE RATTY UNDESIRABLES. I DON'T KNOW HOW WE CAN THANK YOU

YOUR HONOR, I ONLY DID MY DUTY. YOU CAN THANK ME BY EXCUSING JIM'S CARELESSNESS IN WRECKING THAT RIVER-FRONT DIVE.



JIM, I'M SUSPENDING YOUR SENTENCE AND DUPLICATING THE \$100 STEVE OFFERED FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF THE FERRINI GANG - NOW, JIM, PLEASE DON'T SPEND IT ON VODKA



JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

# SLAM BRADLEY



RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING TRIP,  
SHORTY ENTERS HIS APARTMENT TO  
BE GREETED NOT BY SLAM, AS HE  
EXPECTED, BUT BY A SHAGGY APE!



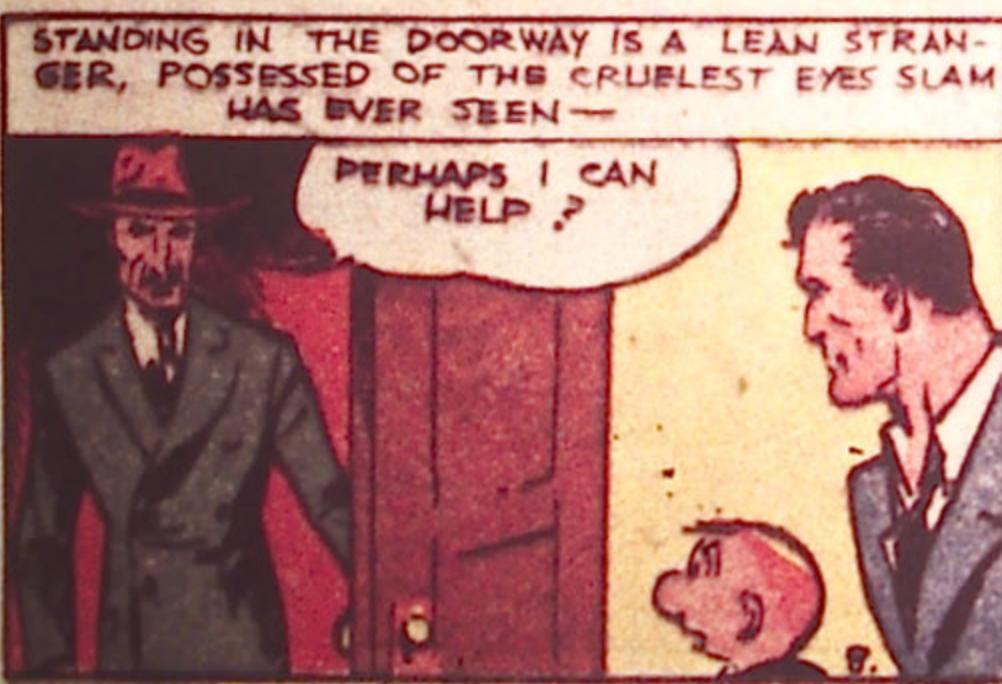
SOUNDS LIKE SHORTY IN  
TROUBLE, AS USUAL!

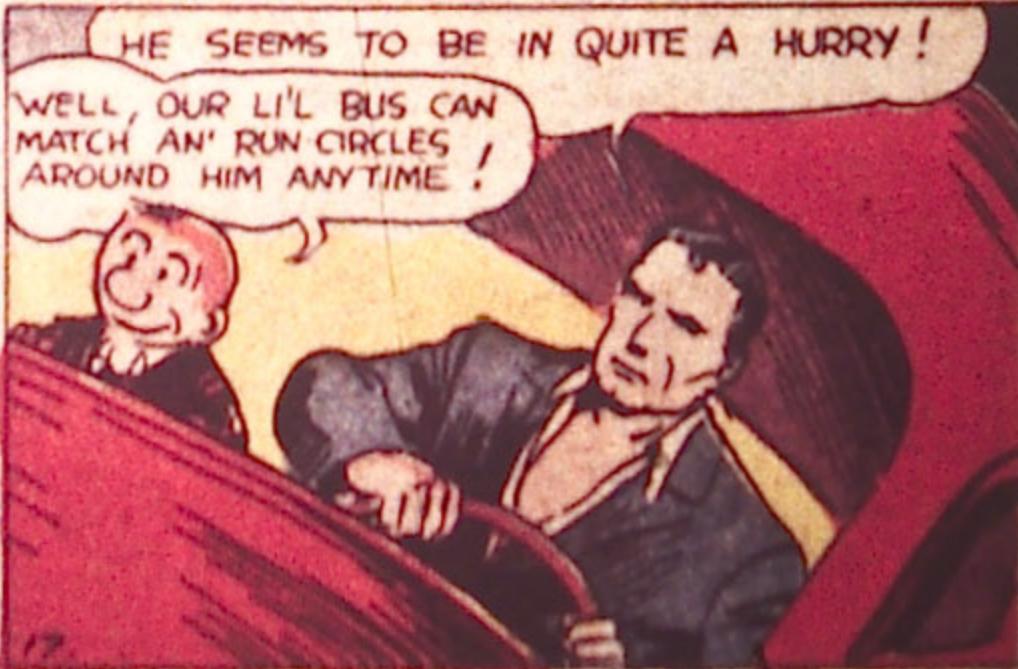


AS SLAM ENTERS THE ROOM, THE APE  
LAUNCHES ITSELF FULL UPON HIM, FANGS  
BARED!

WHAT  
TH'!







LISTEN ! HEAR THAT ?

S-SOUNDS LIKE A BEAST  
ROARING !

AS SLAM AND SHORTY CONTINUE ON, THE HAIR-RAISING SHRIEKS GROW LOUDER . . .

L-LETS GO HOME !  
REMEMBER, WE DIDN'T  
EAT SUPPER YET !

SH-HH !

THEY ROUND A CORNER — GLIMPSE INTO THE  
NEXT ROOM —

GOOD LORD !

H-HOLY MACKERAL !

AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT MEETS THEIR EYES !  
THEY SEE THE CRUEL-EYED STRANGER LASH-  
ING THE APE

GR-R-R

WHY, HE'S DE-  
LIBERATELY GOAD-  
ING THE BEAST TO  
A MURDEROUS  
FRENZY !

LOOK !  
IN THE CORNER !

CRUCHING IN A CORNER, BOUND AND GAGGED,  
IS A TERRORIZED GIRL —

SUDDENLY —

KILL HER ! RIP HER APART !  
KILL ! KILL !

THE MURDERING  
RAT !

TAKE THAT Y' BIG APE !

OOF !

AND THIS, FOR GOOD MEASURE !



AS SLAM TURNS TOWARD THE ANIMAL KEEPER, BOTH APE AND MAN LEAP THRU A NEARBY WINDOW -



OH, THANK YOU ! — IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR INTERVENTION — !

WHO ARE YOU ?

I'M BETTY GLADSTONE. MY FATHER, A DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM, HAS JOURNEYED TO AFRICA IN SEARCH OF A RUMORED LOST CITY OF APE-MEN. I'VE RECEIVED NO WORD FROM HIM FOR MONTHS.



BUT TODAY THIS CRUEL-LOOKING MAN SAID MY FATHER HAD SENT HIM TO BRING ME TO AFRICA.

I DISTRUSTED HIM. WHEN I REFUSED TO GO, HE SET THE APE ON ME. YOUR TIMELY APPEAR-ANCE, SAVED ME !

BUT NOW I FEAR FOR MY FATHER'S LIFE. I'M SURE HE'S IN TROUBLE ! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP HIM ?



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
HAVE US GO TO AFRICA  
WITH YOU, AND HELP  
LOCATE YOUR FATHER ?

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER !  
BUT PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T  
IMPOSE ON ---

LISTEN, BETTY ! OUR GREATEST PLEASURE IN  
LIFE IS STICKING OUR NOSE INTO OTHER PEOP-  
PLES BUSINESS !

IT'S AN OBSESSION  
WITH US !

TWO DAYS LATER, BETTY, SLAM AND SHORTY  
BOARD THE 'HEMISPHERE', AN AFRICAN-BOUND  
STEAMER

THEN IS IT A DEAL ?

HOORAY !  
AFRICA  
HERE WE  
COME !

YES !

SO-LONG, AMERICA !

LET'S HOPE WE  
RETURN SOON -  
WITH MY  
FATHER !

HEY SLAM !  
WHADDAYUH  
THINK ?

WELL, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND ?

IT'S ON BOARD - IN TH'  
HOLD - I HEARD TH'  
CREW TALKIN' ABOUT  
IT -- AN' THEN I  
SAW IT FER MYSELF !

CALM DOWN - WHAT DID YOU SEE ?

TH' APE ! TH' APE WITH THREE TOES !

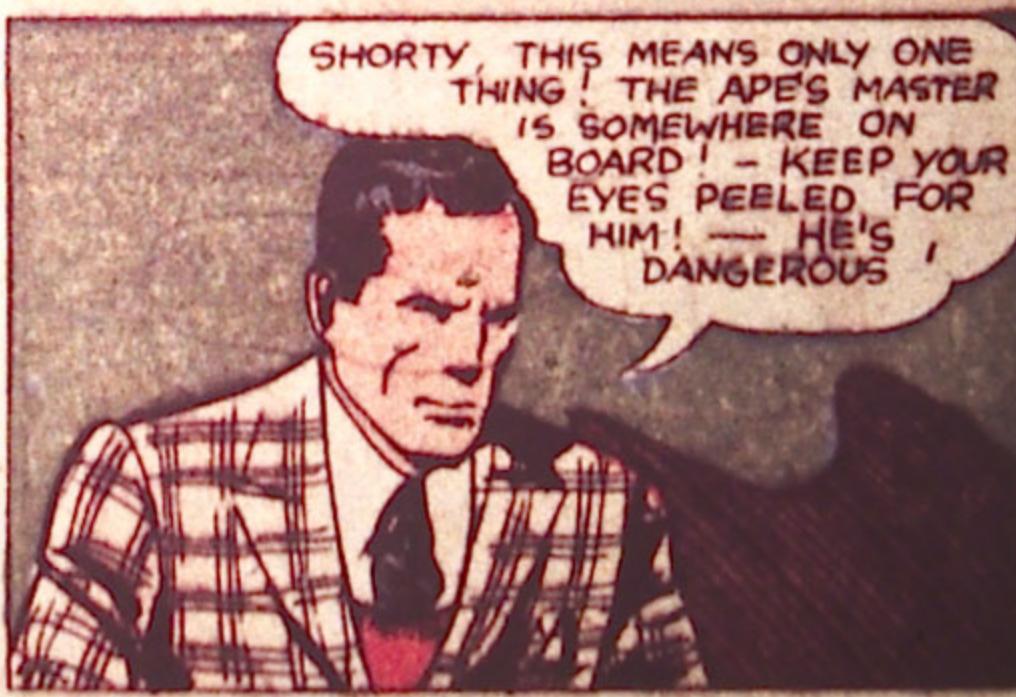
YEAH ? - WE'RE LOOKING INTO THIS !

BOY, WAS I SURPRISED !



SURE ENOUGH ' IT'S THE SAME BEAST , ALL RIGHT !

HELLO, UGLY !



AS SLAM AND SHORTY LEAVE THE HOLD THEY ARE SURREPTITIOUSLY OBSERVED BY A BEWHISKERED PASSENGER WHO IS NONE OTHER THAN THE APE'S OWNER IN DISGUISE !



SEVERAL DAYS LATER - - -

WELL, THERE'S NO SIGN OF THAT GUY ON THIS SHIP - HE MUST NOT BE ON BOARD



THAT EVENING - A DARK FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE CABIN OCCUPIED BY SLAM AND SHORTY



IT RAISES A DAGGER OVER THE HEAD OF THE SLEEPING SLAM !



AS THE BLADE DESCENDS, SLAM KICKS UPWARD — . . .



- AS THE FIGURE WHIRLS TO FLEE, SLAM LEAPS FOR IT !



I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO DEPART, WITHOUT FIRST GIVING YOU THE ATTENTION A HOST OWES HIS GUEST !



THE COWARDLY ASSAILANT TEARS LOOSE — SLAM RACES IN PURSUIT . . .



ABRUPTLY, THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN SLIPS, FALLS OVER THE RAIL . . .



WHEN SLAM RETURNS TO HIS CABIN — —

WHERE YA BEEN ? WHERE YA BEEN ? NOT MUCH — A KILLER TRIED TO SLIT OUR GIZZARDS. THAT'S ALL-BUT HE'S DEAD NOW !



SLAM, HOWEVER, IS WRONG ! — WHILE FALLING, THE APE'S KEEPER HAD CLUTCHED A TRAILING ROPE — AND NOW HE CLIMBS THRU A PORTHOLE TO SAFETY !



DAYS ELAPSE — THEN AFRICA IS REACHED

I WANT YOU TO WATCH  
AND SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS TO THE  
APE, SHORTY!

I GET IT! OUR  
WOULD-BE MURDER-  
ER MIGHT HAVE HAD  
FELLOW CONSPIR-  
ATORS!

HERE I SIT, AND  
HERE I STAY!  
NOTHIN' CAN MAKE ME  
MOVE 'TILL I'M GOOD  
AN' READY!

NOTHING?

THERE'S EVIDENCE HERE OF A STRUGGLE—  
MY GUESS IS THAT SHORTY  
WAS KIDNAPPED!

LATER —

SHORTY — AND THE  
APE — BOTH  
GONE!

WHERE CAN THEY  
BE!

SLAM LINGERS A WEEK IN THE PORT, UNTIL HE  
IS ASSURED BY THE TOWN OFFICIAL —

IF THERE WERE ANY SIGN OF  
YOUR FRIEND, WE'D HAVE  
FOUND HIM — SORRY, BUT  
THERE'S NO HOPE!

POOR SHORTY! I — I STILL  
CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

WHAT DO WE DO  
NOW?

ORGANIZE A GROUP OF  
NATIVES AND PRESS  
THE SEARCH  
FOR YOUR  
FATHER

PENETRATING FAR INTO THE JUNGLE, SLAM  
ONE DAY MAKES AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY

WHAT IS IT?

BETTY!  
COME A-  
RUNNIN'!

70.

PART OF SHORTY'S CLOTHES! — GOOD OL'  
SHORTY! HE'S ALIVE AND LEAVING A TRAIL  
FOR US TO FOLLOW!

OH, I'M SO  
GLAD!

BUT SLAM'S APPREHENSION WOULD HAVE IN-  
CREASED, HAD HE NOTICED THE HIDDEN MENACE  
IN HIS NATIVE-CARRIERS' EYES . . . !



ABRUPTLY SLAM AND THE GIRL ARE SEIZED  
BY THE NATIVES . . .



BUT FROM BEHIND SOME JUNGLE GROWTH-

SHORTY! — SO OLD "SQUINTY-  
EYES" WASN'T KILLED, AFTER  
ALL!



DOG! ENOUGH OF YOUR,  
INSOLENCE!



THE PARTY CONTINUES ON INTO THE JUNGLE  
FASTNESS, WITH SLAM, BETTY AND SHORTY  
AS CAPTIVES

HOW CAN WE EVER  
SAVE MY  
FATHER NOW?  
WE'RE HELP-  
LESS!



THE PARTY PASSES THRU A WATERFALL IN-  
TO AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN



THEY CROSS A LONG, PRECARIOUS BRIDGE SUSPENDED OVER A HIGH CHASM . . .



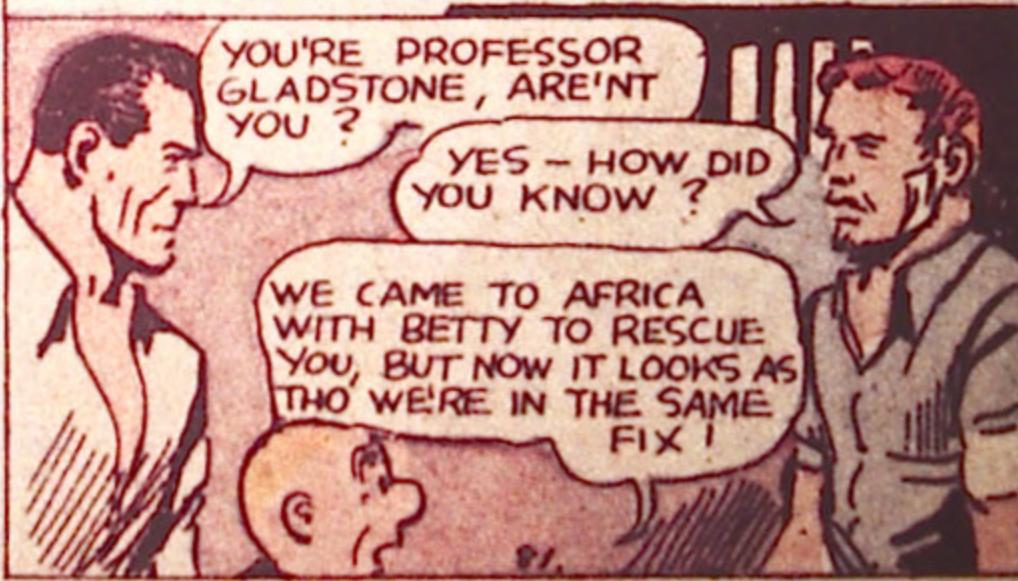
. . . AFTER WHICH THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A WEIRD UNDERGROUND CITY OF JEERING APE-MEN .



HERE YOU STAY, UNTIL YOU DIE IN THE APE-PIT. - AS FOR THE GIRL, SHE WILL MAKE ME A FITTING QUEEN!



SLAM AND SHORTY FIND ANOTHER MAN IN THEIR CELL . . .



LATER - . . .



INTO THE APE-PIT THEY ARE SHOVED, ALONG WITH OTHER CAPTIVES, ARMED ONLY WITH LONG WHIPS . . .



AT THE OTHER END OF THE APE-PIT A HORDE OF CAGED, ENRAGED THREE-TOED APES ROAR TO BE RELEASED !



THE APES ARE FREED ! - AND COMMENCE THEIR DASH TOWARD THE SMALL HAND - FUL OF DOOMED MEN !



FRANTICALLY WIELDED WHIPS KEEP THE APES AT BAY, BUT IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF MOMENTS BEFORE THE APES WILL EMERGE VICTORIOUS

86.



IN THE STADIUM -

BEHOLD, MY SWEET ! IN MY GREAT GENEROSITY I HAVE SPARED YOU FROM THAT FATE !

87.



TEARING HERSELF FREE, BETTY LEAPS IN- TO THE APE-PIT !

FATHER ! - SLAM ! I'M COMING !



IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, THEN DIE ! - I'LL ENJOY WATCH- ING YOU BE- ING TORN APART !



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE - ! I'D RATHER DIE - WITH YOU !



SLAM ACTS ! - HE FLINGS HIS LONG WHIP UPWARD -



— IT CURLS ABOUT THEIR ENEMY'S THROAT —



— AND HE IS JERKED INTO THE APE-PIT, ALONGSIDE HIS CAPTIVES !





# DETECTIVE PUZZLES

**H**ERE'S A MYSTERIOUS REBUS NOTE WHICH WAS FOUND AND READ BY THE CLEVER G-MAN, DICK SHAW. IT ENABLED HIM TO DISCOVER THE DEN OF TWO GANGSTERS WHO WERE CAUGHT THERE. CAN YOU READ THE PICTURES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT?



**D**ICK SHAW THE FAMOUS SLEUTH IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF TWO NOTORIOUS CROOKS. THEY ARE ABOUT TO ESCAPE FROM THEIR DEN IN THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS. DICK HAS ONLY 30 GALLONS OF GAS IN HIS CAR. THIS MEANS THAT HE WILL HAVE TO CHOOSE A SHORT ROUTE TO GET THERE BEFORE HIS GAS IS EXHAUSTED. START FROM THE CAR AND FOLLOW ALONG THE CROOKED ROADS, COUNTING EACH DOT YOU PASS AS ONE GALLON OF GAS USED. LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN LEAD HIM TO THE CROOKS' "HIDEOUT" BEFORE HE RUNS OUT OF THE 30 GALLONS OF GAS. FOLLOW THE ARROWS.

